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Vol. CLXV No. 2161 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JUNE 21 1941

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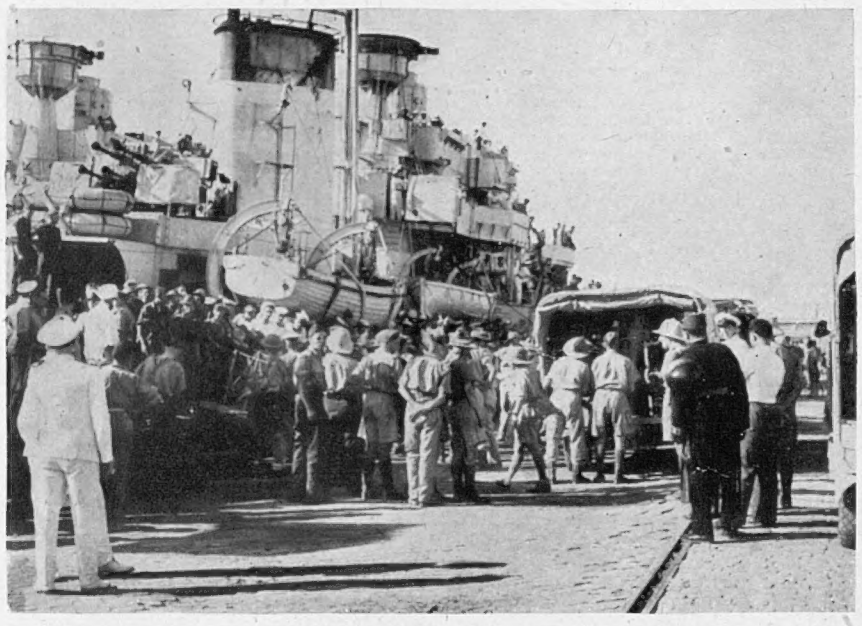
AFTER THE SAFE DEPARTURE OF THE KING OF GREECE AND THE GREEK ROYAL FAMILY FROM CRETE : A group taken in an Egyptian garden of the King's party and their staff, including the British officer who guarded the King from the German parachutists

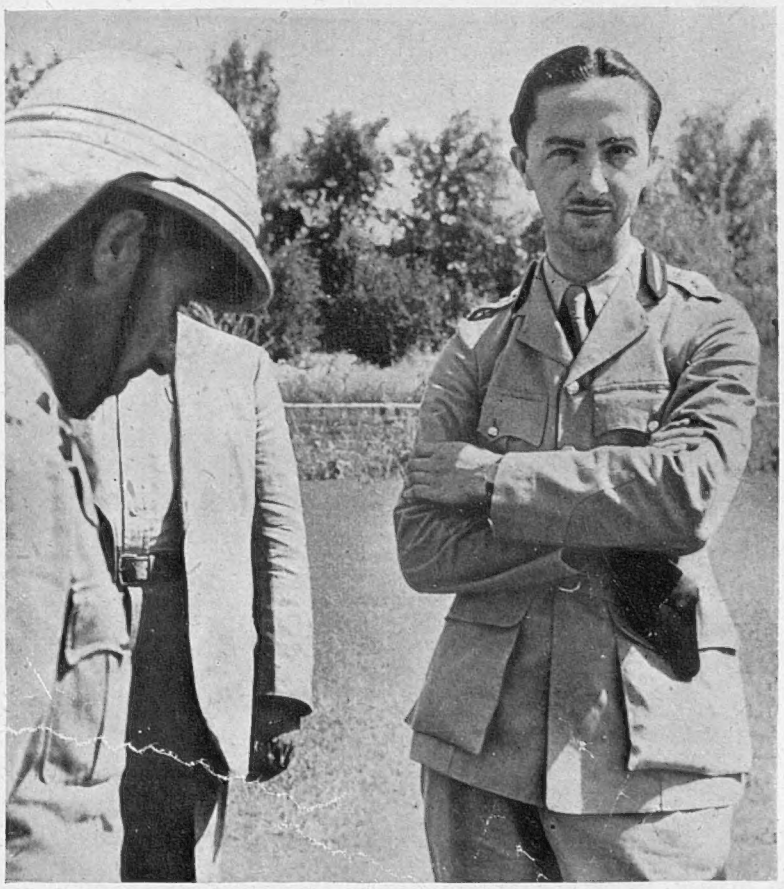


RETURN FROM CRETE : One of the big transports from the island, unloading its cargo of British soldiers on arrival in Egypt

BRITISH TROOPS ARRIVE IN EGYPT : One of the first things when landed was to let their relatives know of their safe return from Crete

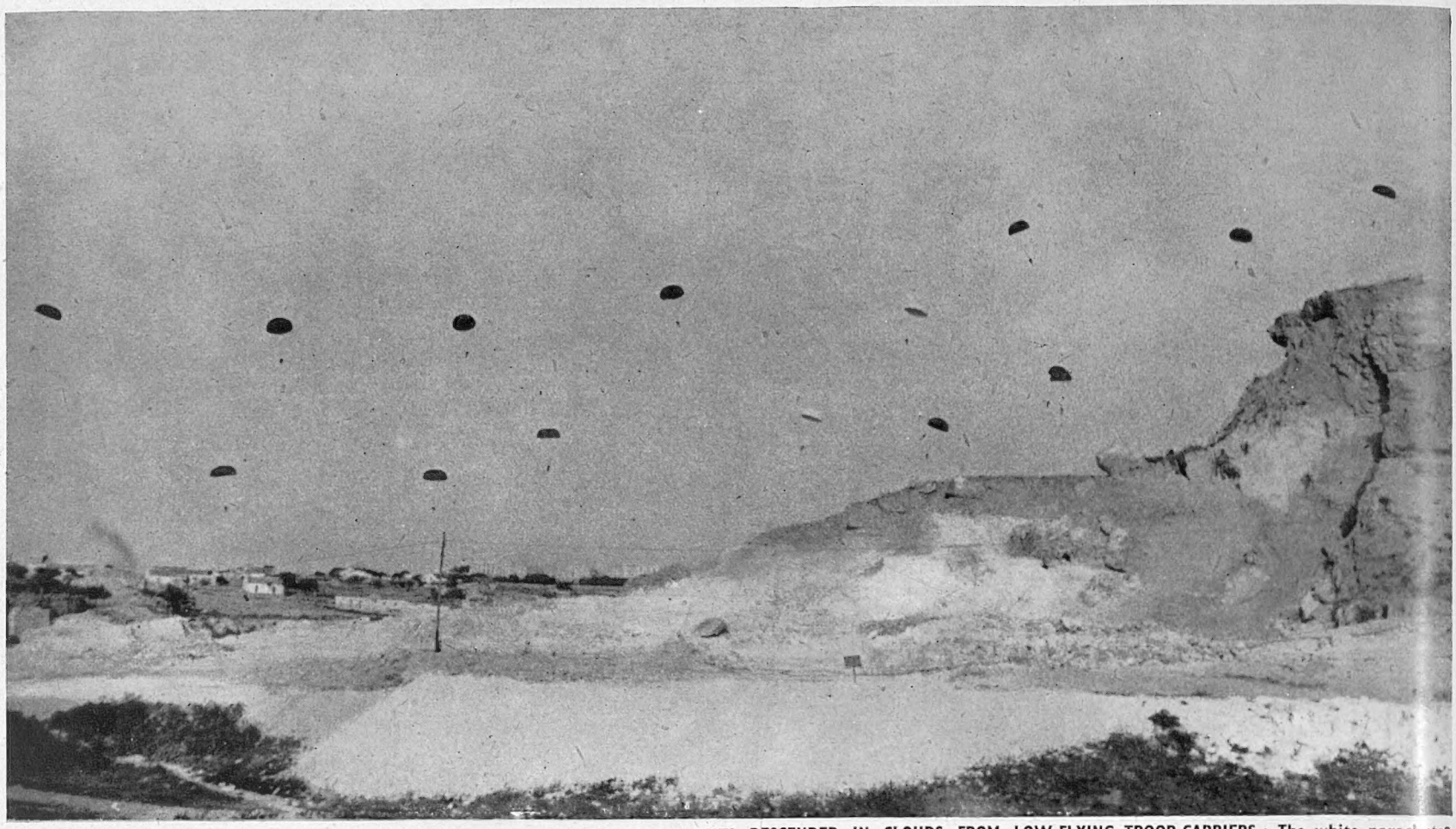
THE ESCAPE OF THE KING OF GREECE FROM CRETE

When the situation in Crete became acute, the King of the Hellenes left his house, which was situated to the south-west of the town of Canea, and joined the Greek Prime Minister at Perivola. The King then took up residence in a house commanding a wide view of the countryside : this new house was protected by an escort of the Greek Gendarmerie and a platoon of New Zealanders commanded by 2nd Lieut. T. W. H. Ryan. The King watched from the house large troop-carrying planes dropping German parachutists near by ; and then decided to take to the hills to foil the enemy's attempts to capture his person. In their journey to the hills, and thenceforward, the Royal party was subjected to heavy dive-bombing and machine-gunning. After climbing mountainous ridges, the King and his party reached a cave occupied by a Cretan shepherd. From here they made contact with the forces still in possession of Canea and eventually boarded a vessel from this port for the journey to Egypt. In the above picture, taken after arrival in Egypt, are seen the following : (from left to right) Wing-Commander Kinatos, Chief of the Greek Air Force ; the Greek Prime Minister ; Prince Peter, cousin of the King ; M. Dulevidios, C.V.O. ; 2nd Lieut. Ryan ; Princess Marie ; Prince George ; the King of Greece ; and Colonel Blunt

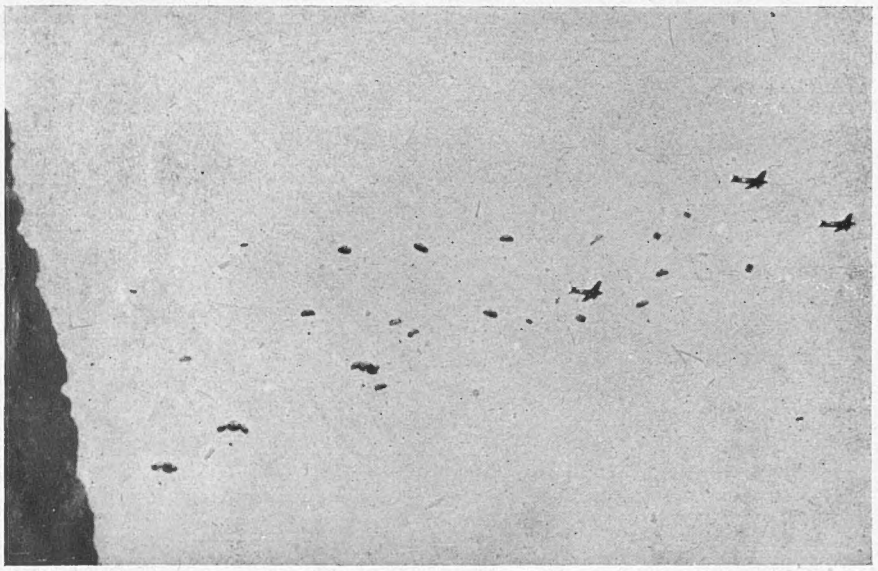


THE REGENT OF IRAQ, JUST BEFORE HE LEFT FOR FALLUJAH : The King of Iraq is only six years of age. The Regent is the Emir Abdul Illah (seen above). With the advance of British forces against Rashid Ali and their subsequent suppression of the revolt, the Regent has now returned to his capital at Bagdad and once again takes over the reins of government on behalf of the boy King

WHAT AN INVASION BY AIR LOOKS LIKE: *A Series of Official Admiralty Pictures from the Island of Crete*

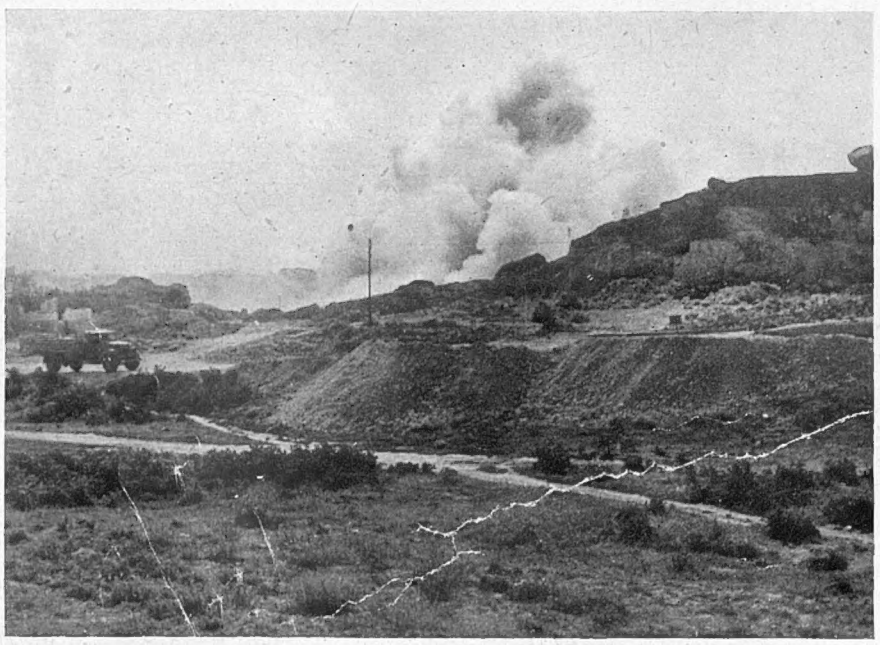


THE SCENE NEAR HERAKLION AERODROME AT CANDIA WHEN GERMAN PARACHUTISTS DESCENDED IN CLOUDS FROM LOW-FLYING TROOP-CARRIERS : The white parachutes indicate the leaders, about whom the men were trained to rally

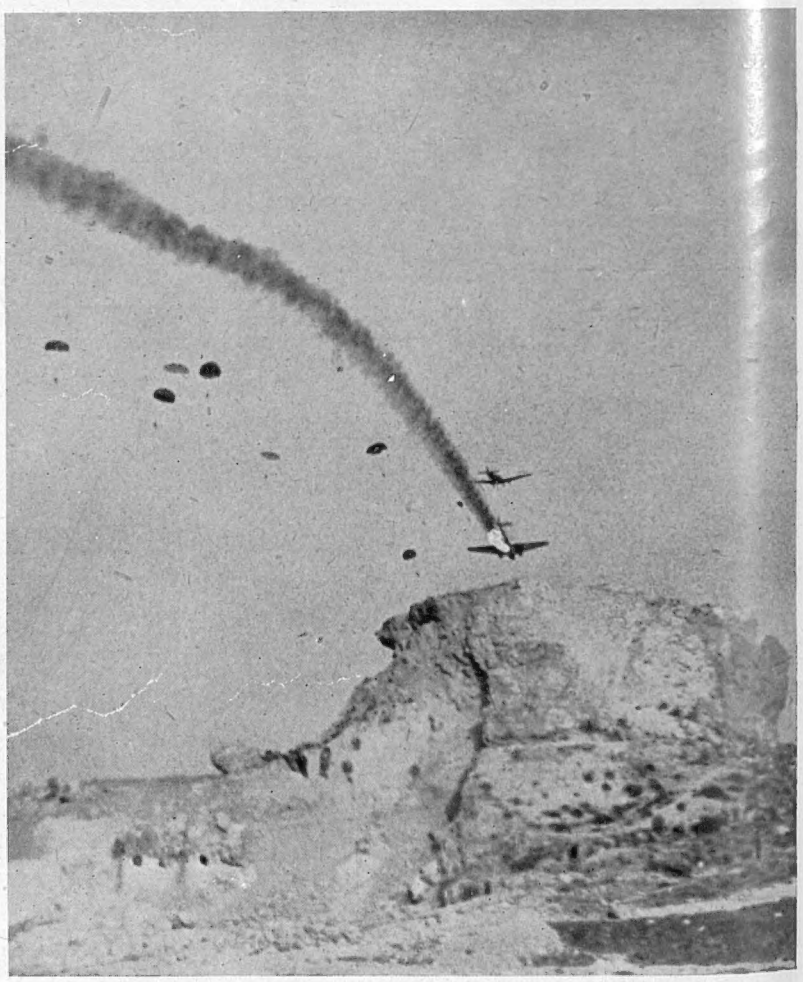


GERMAN PARACHUTE TROOPS DESCENDING : The aircraft are flying in the usual formation of three ; the four parachutes in clusters are carrying heavy supplies such as machine-guns, field-guns and motor-vehicles for the use of the parachutists

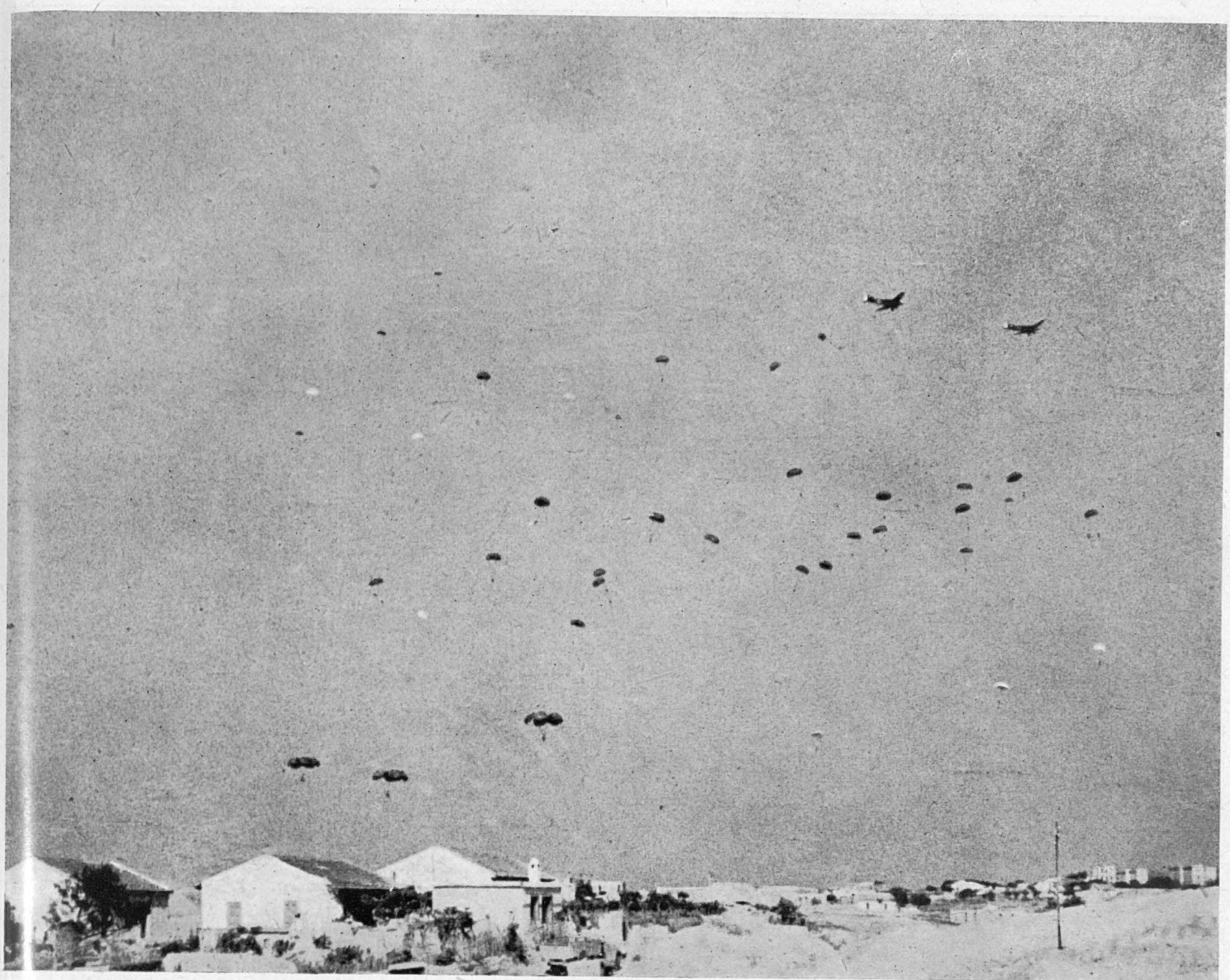
The methods followed by the Germans in their air attacks on the island of Crete are clearly shown in the pictures reproduced here. (All of them are Admiralty pictures which have just been officially released ; and all of them were taken at Heraklion, near Candia.) The aerodrome was first subjected to bombing from German aircraft ; this was followed by "ground strafing" by Messerschmitts—the idea apparently being, first to immobilise any British aircraft which might have attempted to drive off the bombers and, second, to drive back our defenders on the aerodrome itself, so that the next stage in the German operations might be carried out. Whilst the enemy fighters were patrolling the bombed area, troop-carrying aircraft then followed in, escorted by further bombers. From these big aircraft, parachute troops were dropped in clouds—but it has been estimated that 60 to 70 per cent. of them were destroyed ! (This is referred to in an article published on pages 364-365 of this issue.) The aircraft came in three abreast ; the leaders of the parachutists were denoted by white parachutes. The four parachutes seen in clusters in these pictures are carrying heavy articles, such as machine-guns on rubber-tyred trucks, field-guns, motor-cycles and small motor-vehicles



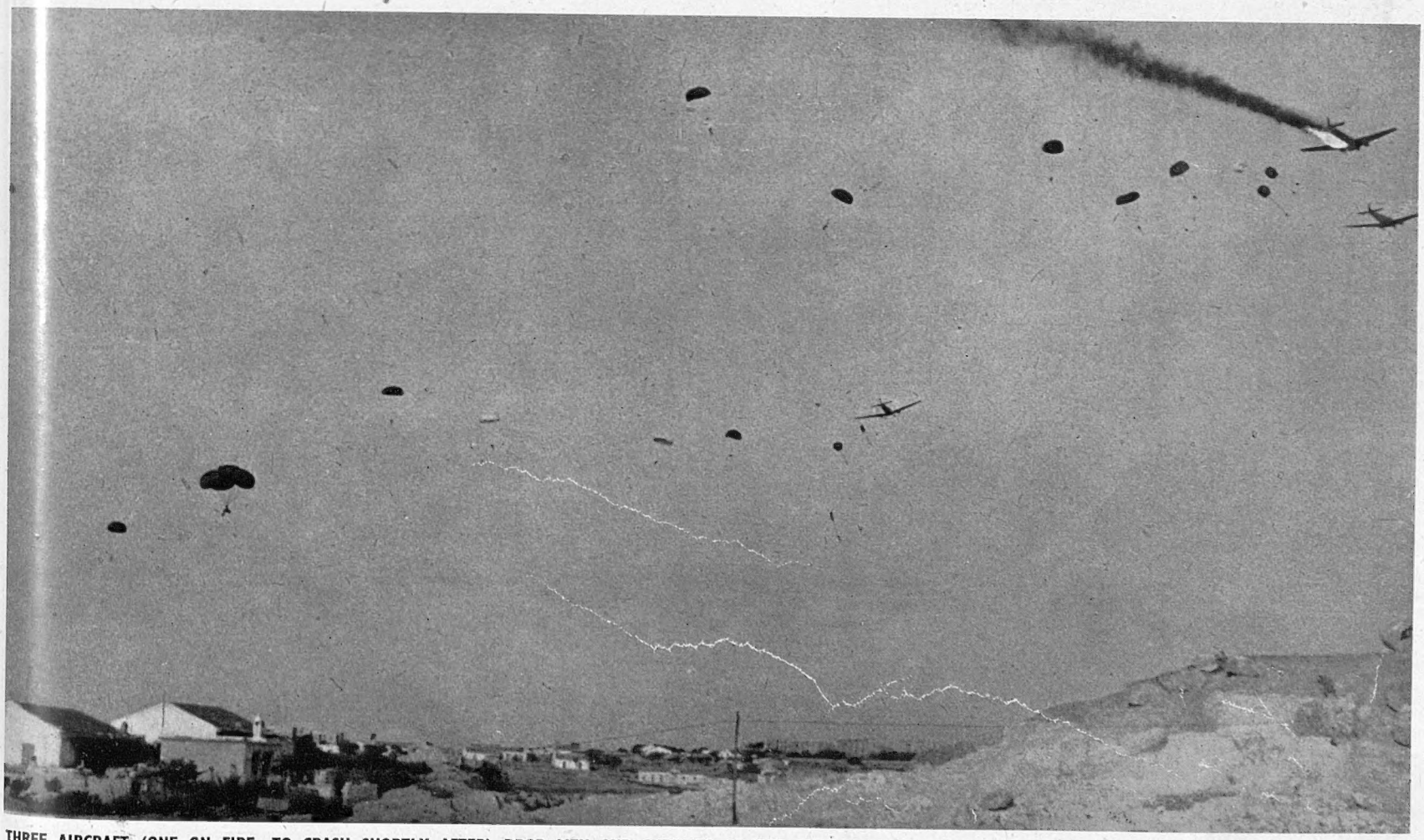
ROYAL ENGINEERS EXPLODING LAND MINES to destroy German supplies dropped from the air before the enemy could reach them



ONE OF THE PLANES carrying a number of paratroops struck by a shell from the ground, catches fire and crashes to its doom



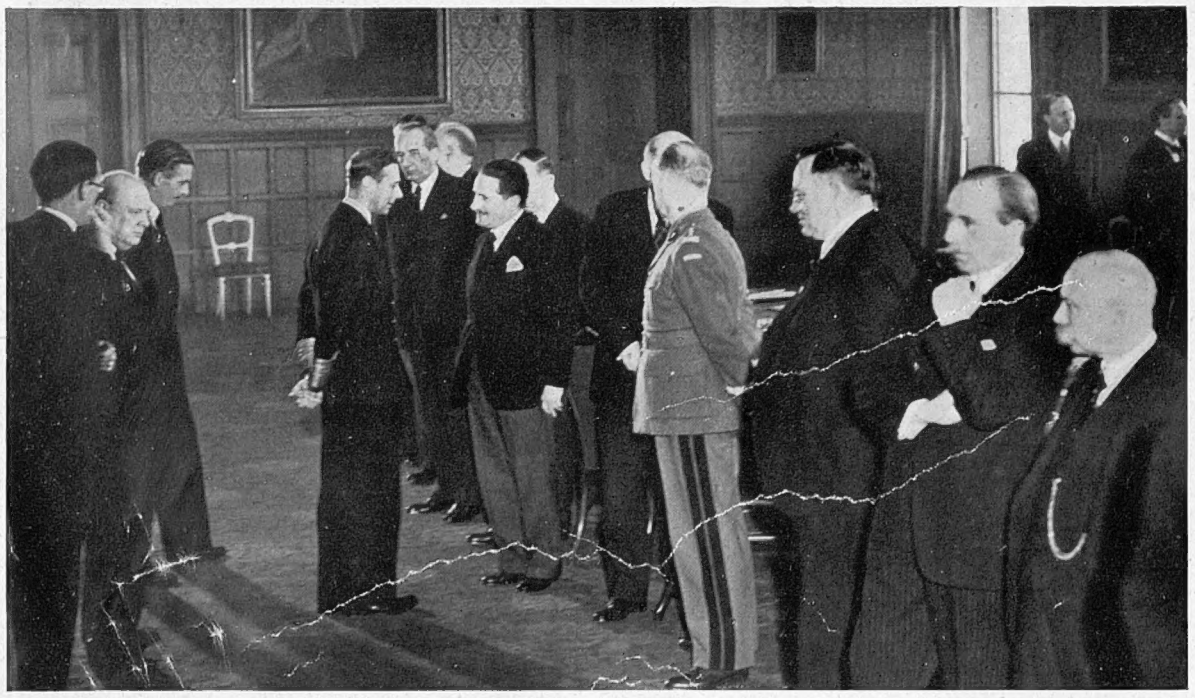
THERE WERE SOME THIRTY PARACHUTISTS DROPPED IN THIS ONE FLIGHT BY THREE AIRCRAFT, together with the heavy supplies carried by the clusters of four parachutes in the bottom left-hand corner. It will be observed that the aircraft drop their load from only a few hundred feet



THREE AIRCRAFT (ONE ON FIRE, TO CRASH SHORTLY AFTER) DROP MEN AND SUPPLIES AT THE SAME MOMENT. A close observation of this picture, and the one above, will show that some of the parachutes have not opened at all, and that the men harnessed to them must consequently have been killed

THE CONFERENCE IN SESSION, WITH MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL PRESIDING

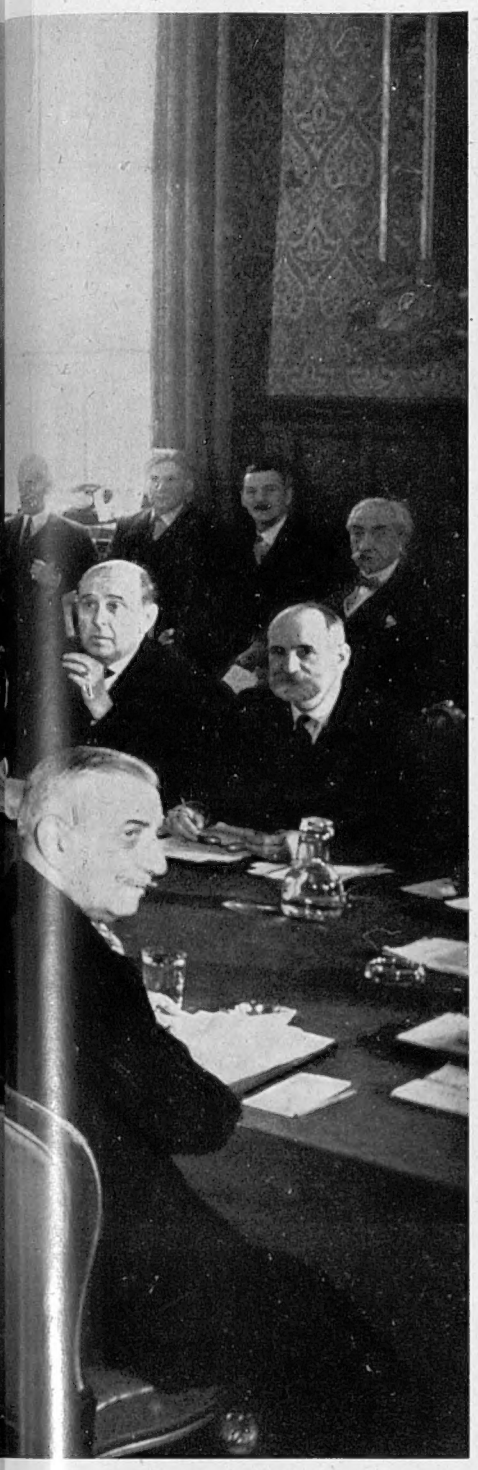
The following is the official list of those present : *United Kingdom*—Mr. Winston Churchill, Prime Minister ; Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs ; Mr. C. R. Attlee, Lord Privy Seal ; Lord Cranborne, Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs ; Lord Moyne, Secretary of State for the Colonies ; Sir Archibald Sinclair, Secretary of State for Air ; Mr. R. A. Butler, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. *Canada*—Mr. Vincent Massey, High Commissioner. *Commonwealth of Australia*—Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner. *New Zealand*—Mr. W. J. Jordan, High Commissioner. *Union of South Africa*—Mr. S. F. Waterson, High Commissioner. *India and Burma*—Mr. L. S. Amery, Secretary of State for India and Burma. *Belgium*—M. Pierlot, Prime Minister ; M. Spaak, Minister for Foreign Affairs. *Czechoslovakia*—M. Sramek, Prime Minister ; M. Masaryk, Minister for Foreign Affairs. *Greece*—M. Simopoulos, Greek Minister in London. *Luxembourg*—M. Dupong, Prime Minister ; M. Bech, Minister for Foreign Affairs. *The Netherlands*—Dr. Gerbrandy, Prime Minister ; M. Michiels van Verduynen, Netherlands Minister in London. *Norway*—M. Nygaardsvold, Prime Minister ; M. Lie, Minister for Foreign Affairs. *Poland*—General Sikorski, Prime Minister ; M. Zaleski, Minister for Foreign Affairs. *Yugoslavia*—M. Soubbotitch, Yugoslav Minister in London. M. Cassin and M. Dejean, representing General de Gaulle, Leader of Free Frenchmen



AT THE END OF THE MEETING, THE KING ENTERED THE CONFERENCE CHAMBER AND MET THE ASSEMBLED STATESMEN : He is here talking to M. Soubbotitch, Yugoslav Minister in London ; behind the King are Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden ; General Sikorski, Polish Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, is in uniform ; and on the left of him is M. Nygaarsvold, Prime Minister of Norway. Dr. Gerbrandy, Netherlands Prime Minister, is on the extreme right

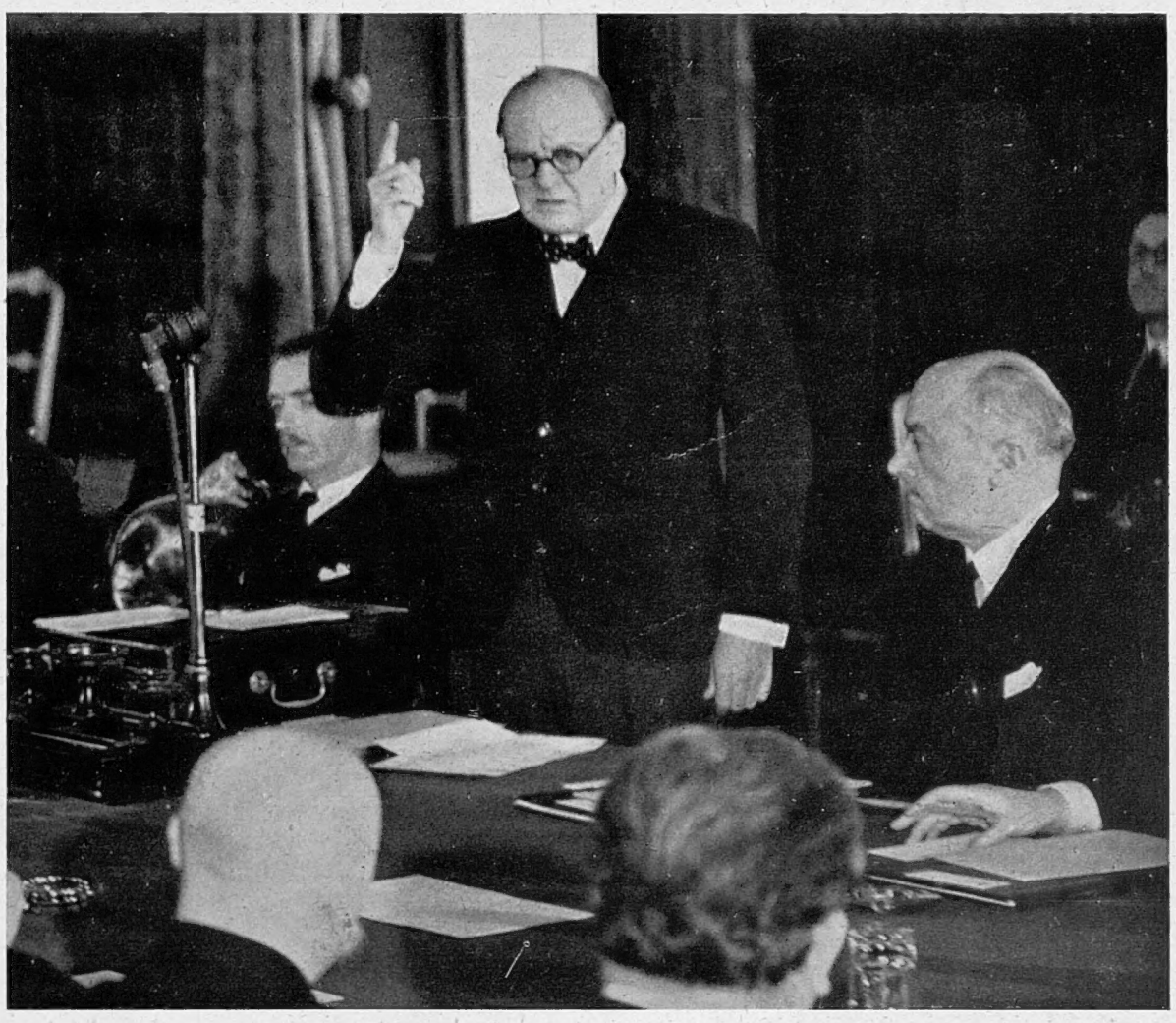
THE KI[illegible]IN

Amongst the statesmen seen here are the following : Sir Archibald Sinclair (Air Minister), on extreme left ; Mr. Winston Churchill ; next to him, M. Simopoulos, Gree[illegible] High[illegible] Dutc[illegible]



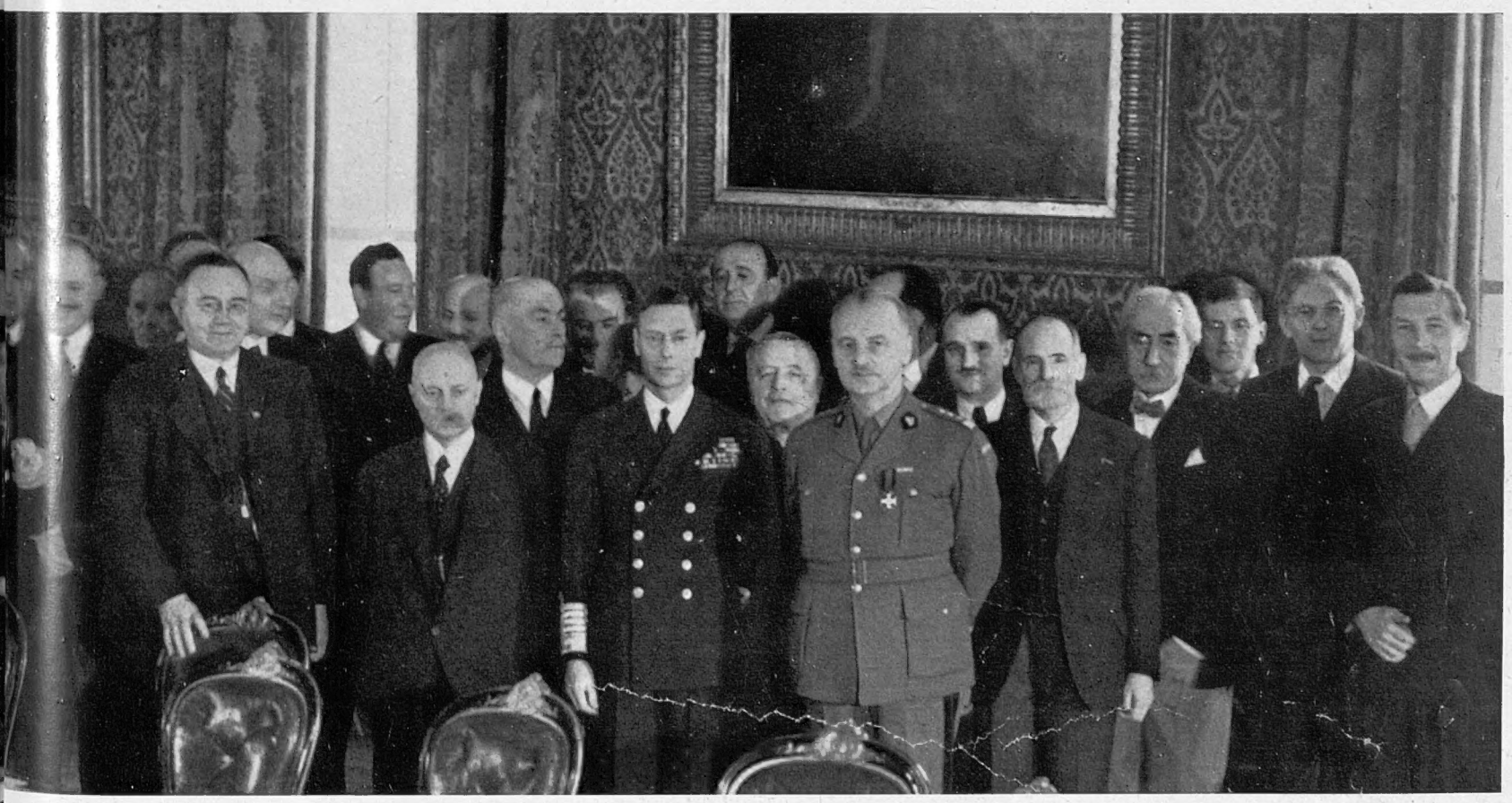
The HISTORIC MEETING in ST. JAMES'S PALACE

Where Britain and the Empire and the Representatives of Nine Exiled Governments Affirmed their Determination to Prosecute the War Against Hitlerism Until Victory is Achieved



MR. CHURCHILL ADDRESSING THE ALLIED STATESMEN: On the Premier's right is Mr. Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary; and on his left is M. Pierlot, Belgian Prime Minister

At the end of last week an historic gathering took place in St. James's Palace. Mr. Churchill, accompanied by six members of the Cabinet and by representatives of the Empire, sat at the same table with representatives of nine countries now under the German yoke. At this meeting the Allies' determination to prosecute the war until final victory was made clear in glowing terms. Mr. Churchill, during the course of his stirring speech, said: "In the twenty-second month of the war against Nazism, we meet here in this old Palace of St. James's, itself not unscarred by the fire of the enemy, to proclaim the high purposes and resolves of the lawful, constitutional Governments of Europe whose countries have been overrun, and we meet here, also, to cheer the hopes of free men and free peoples throughout the world. Here, before us on the table, lie the title deeds of ten nations or States whose soil has been invaded and polluted, and whose men, women and children lie prostrate or writhing under the Hitler yoke. But here, also, duly authorised by the Parliament and democracy of Britain, are gathered the servants of the ancient British monarchy and the accredited representatives of the British Dominions beyond the seas, of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, of the Empire of India, of Burma and of our colonies in every quarter of the globe. They have drawn their swords in this cause. They will never let them fall till life is gone or victory is won." He went on to forecast the hammering by air of Germany, and the subsequent overthrow of Hitlerism and the "New Order" in Europe. His speech was broadcast to North America and on the African and Pacific transmissions. After Mr. Churchill, European statesmen expressed themselves on the same subject

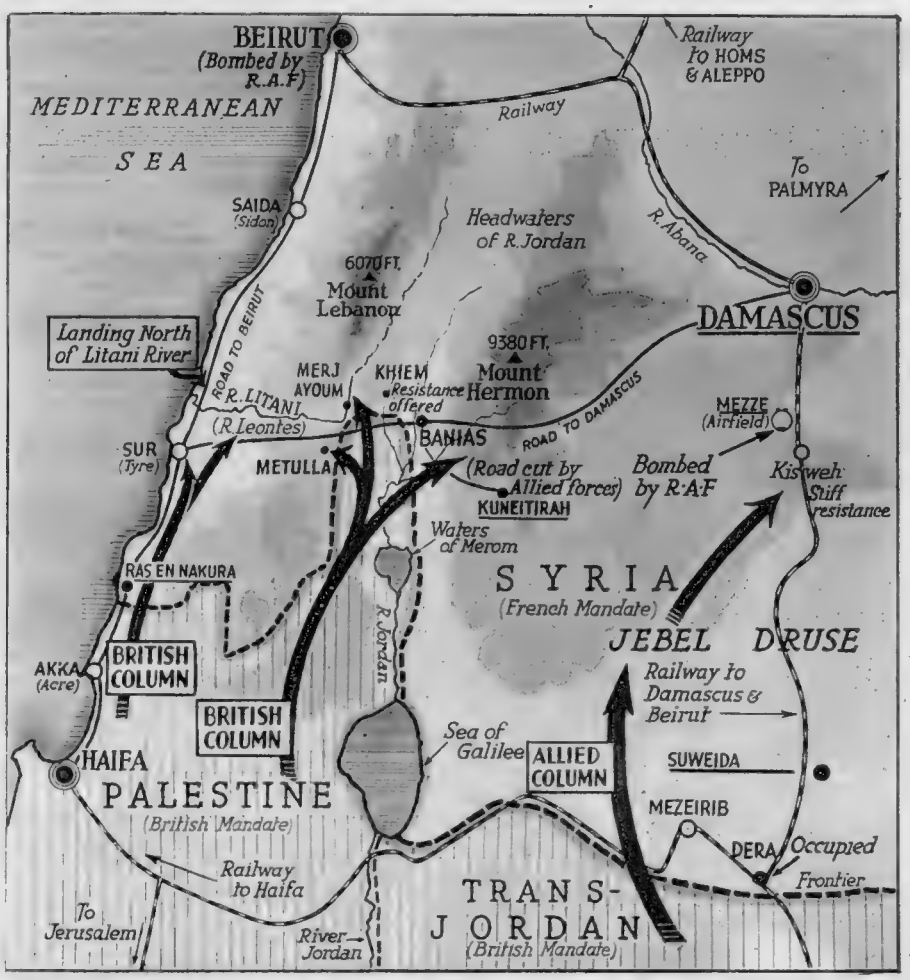


IN NAVAL UNIFORM) POSES FOR HIS PICTURE WITH THE IMPERIAL AND ALLIED STATESMEN WHO ATTENDED THE CONFERENCE

Greek Minister in London; M. Soubbotitch, Yugoslav Minister; behind the latter, Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia; M. Nygaarsvold, Norwegian Prime Minister; Dr. Gerbrandy, Dutch Premier; on the King's left, General Sikorski of Poland; in the background, behind the King, M. Masaryk, Czech Foreign Minister; on General Sikorski's left, MM. Dejean and Cassin of the Free French; second from the right Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P., the Prime Minister's Parliamentary Private Secretary; and (on extreme right) Major Desmond Morton, Mr. Churchill's personal assistant

WITHIN THE HULL OF A GIANT BRITISH AIRCRAFT: THE SCENE INSIDE A SHORT SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT OF THE R.A.F., with the two midships gunners at their posts on the upper deck, and other members of the crew in their bunks on the lower deck

Since the outbreak of the war few aircraft amongst our many and diverse types of patrol flying-boats have performed finer work than the big Short Sunderlands operated by the Coastal Command. They have been escorting the convoys, rescuing shipwrecked mariners in mid-ocean, carrying out reconnaissances from the far north down to the tropics, assisting in the evacuations from Greece and Crete, performing a score of other important tasks as part of their regular routine duties. Yet this is the first time we have had an opportunity of presenting to readers an interior view such as the above of this huge aircraft. The Sunderland is built with two decks : on the upper deck and looking out of the open hatches are the two gunners, operating Vickers guns on pillar mountings ; on the lower deck, at this point midships, are bunks for the crew. Quite a large complement is carried in the Sunderlands, and as their patrols frequently last for very many hours provision has been made both for sleeping and cooking. In the view above, one is looking towards the nose : right forward are the pilots and bomb-aimer and navigator : communication with the crew aft (apart from the inter-com. telephone) is by the cat-walk ; then down the ladder to the lower deck. Still further aft is the work-bench, the tail of the aircraft and the rear gunner's position in the very stern



HOW THE FIRST THRUSTS INTO SYRIA WERE MADE: When it was decided to advance into Syria, in order to counteract the activities of the Germans who had installed themselves at various strategic points with the knowledge and connivance of the French, the initial thrusts were made at three points as indicated above. The first was from Transjordania, operating directly northwards towards Damascus; the other two from Palestine in the direction of Banias and along the coast road towards Tyre. The Transjordanian forces encountered strong opposition at Kisweh; in the centre further opposition was met with at Merj Ayoum; but along the coast our troops were helped by "shock forces" which were landed to the north of the Litani River to take positions in the rear and thus allow a freer passage for the Australian column advancing from Tyre towards Beyrout

BRITAIN'S NEW WAR ZONE

The Advance of British Columns into Syria; the Newest Terrain Described

By DOUGLAS GLEN

ONCE again, after a respite of little more than twenty years, Syria has come into prominence as the gateway through which Germany hoped to pass to reach the vast oilfields of Iraq and Iran and that life-line of British communications, the Suez Canal.

From the days of Og, King of Bashan, and the wars of the Israelites, the Hittites and the Ammonites, it has been the battleground of powerful warring natives and would-be world conquerors, not for its intrinsic wealth, but simply because it was, geographically, the shortest highway between East and West. In turn Greece, Rome and Byzantium, Saracen, Turk and Egyptian, have striven for possession of it as the key to wider conquests and ambitions. But mechanism of the modern army has brought the oilfields of Mesopotamia and Persia into a position of paramount importance as the sources of essential supply which, under Hitler's control, might well weight the scales against us.

It is a comparatively small country; a continuation of the great Arabian plateau which, from the heights east of Jordan, slopes imperceptibly down to the Shatt-el-Arab, where the Tigris and Euphrates join. The arid expanse of desert-land, part rock-strewn, part sand, which divides Syria, the Lebanon and Palestine in the west from Iran and Iraq, in one sense unites them; for it is only across that waterless waste, by means of trade routes and pipelines, that their commerce is carried on. The Arab looks not to the East and the Persian Gulf for an outlet for trade; for 3,000 years and more he has transported the produce of his lands over the caravan routes of the desert to the seaports of the Mediterranean.

Suddenly, since the war of 1914, all this has changed. The uncompleted Berlin-Bagdad railway was followed by the opening of motor transport and passenger services between Damascus and Bagdad, by regular air services of Imperial Airways, K.L.M. and French Air Orient, and the construction of two great pipelines, British and French, which carry oil to Haifa and to Tripoli.

These immense developments have left the Arabs of the uplands primitive, but little changed. There are still the nomads, the Beduin, with their flocks of sheep and goats. The settled Arabs till the unrelenting soil with implements fashioned from untrimmed branches of trees, reap with hooks that might have been in use by the Israelites. And when harvest is nigh, down from the mountains and up from the valley of the Jordan and the region of the Dead Sea come the reapers, gleaning like Ruth of old. In Damascus, in Amman and in Aleppo delicate ornaments of silver and brass are hammered out by hand.

Neither the Syrians of the coastal towns, more advanced than their brethren of the hills, nor the Arabs beyond Jordan; neither the Beduin nor the Druses of the Hauran, are likely to look with favour upon the prospect of a German occupation of their country. For long there has been an Arab movement for independence and self-government, crushed with brutal severity by Jemal Pasha during the last war and frustrated by the French Mandate since then. They were given to understand that their reward for their active support of the Allies would be the retention of the land they helped to conquer, and Feisal was actually proclaimed King in Damascus before being driven out by the French. In 1925 the Druses, a fearless, proud race, revolted against the French, and a campaign extending over a period of two years ensued. The aspirations of the Vichy government, which has advertised its determination to retain its hold on Syria at all costs, cannot be expected to arouse in those warlike people any feeling of enthusiasm when their aim is

(Continued on following page)

Drawing by E. G. Lambert

HOW THE FRENCH ATTEMPTED TO KEEP WATCH ON THE SOUTHERN BORDERS OF SYRIA: the searchlights which combed the barren countryside in the Galilee area

Before the actual advance of British troops into Syria, relations along the border stretches between the British and French patrols were described as quite cordial. But while the British were merely on the look-out for Arab smugglers taking flour and petrol into Syria, the French were engaged on the much sterner task of preventing French patriots from deserting to the forces of General Catroux, the Free French commander in the Middle East. There was a No-Man's-Land on the border, several miles wide at some points, running through the line of hills. On the edge of this area Customs and police posts had been situated. On the orders of General Dentz, the French High Commissioner in Syria, a series of barricades had been erected on the Syrian side. At night the French searchlights combed the countryside in a search for intending deserters into Palestine and Transjordan

GENERAL SIR HENRY MAITLAND WILSON, G.O.C. in Palestine, and formerly G.O.C. in Egypt, who is in charge of British operations in Syria

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FREE FRENCH FORCES, General Georges Catroux: Aged sixty-two, his career has been spent in the French colonies. He is a former head of the famous Foreign Legion, and was Governor-General in Indo-China up to the time of Vichy's capitulation. He is now commanding the Free French troops

AIR VICE-MARSHAL J. D'ALBIAC, who is Air Officer Commanding in Palestine and consequently primarily concerned in our present air operations in Syria. As an Air Commodore, he was in command of our air forces in Greece and Albania until the evacuation. He has just been promoted for his services in that area

BRITAIN'S NEW WAR ZONE

(Cont.)

freedom from the yoke of a foreign Power. It was these same people who inflicted a crushing defeat upon the victorious Egyptian, Ibrahim Pasha.

There are 100,000 Druses and they have been traditionally friendly towards the British ever since, in 1860, Britain helped them in the Lebanon. Almost their equal as warriors are the Beduin from the desert, and they, too, aspire to the creation of an independent Arab kingdom. In the south, the Arabs of Transjordania, a country ruled by the loyal Emir Abdullah under the wise guidance of Major Glubb—called the new Lawrence of Arabia—are well disposed; and now that Rashid Ali has been driven out of Iraq, the Iraqi and all the Arab nations may be counted upon almost as allies.

Road communications have been greatly improved by the French in recent years, and with Turkey standing firm against Nazi pressure; with the Navy preventing invasion by sea and British and Free French troops advancing into Lebanon along the coast, marching on Damascus and Palmyra from Transjordania and from Iraq, the German plan for the occupation of Syria appears to be effectively foiled. It was the Arabs who helped us to victory in the East during the last war; and in that historic land now, their interest runs parallel with our own in opposing the German effort at domination. In the

THE TYPE OF COUNTRY OVER WHICH THE INITIAL ADVANCES WERE MADE: This picture was taken in the Galilee Hills in Northern Palestine, across which one of our columns advanced into Syria. It was taken some little time ago, when British machine-gunners were in action against rebels in this area

THE TRANSJORDAN FRONTIER FORCE WHICH MAY PLAY A LARGE PART IN THE SYRIAN CAMPAIGN: This force is led by British officers, under whom it has attained a very high proficiency in the methods of modern warfare. Within its ranks are Arabs, Circassians, Druses, Sudanese and Egyptians. It is an intrepid Imperial fighting force which has hitherto been maintaining a patrol of the Syrian frontier. Fully mechanised, it is likely to play a considerable part in the operations now afoot—as, previously, its members played their part in the suppression of Rashid Ali's revolt in Iraq

A FRENCH CIRCASSIAN LEVY FROM SYRIA: One of the native cavalry, who crossed with Colonel Collet when he left Syria for Transjordania to join the Free French forces under the command of General Catroux

THE FIRST TO WELCOME THE ALLIES IN SYRIA : Sultan Pasha el Atrah, Chief of the Druse tribe in Syria, who was given British hospitality years ago when sentenced to death by the French for leading a revolt against them, was the first to welcome Allied troops into Syria. He and his tribe will be able to lend valuable support to our troops

beautiful old city of Damascus, our welcome from the populace is assured.

Syria has been called a land of ruins, and there is truth in the description. There are immense stretches of paved roads built by the old Romans, the ruined Temples of Palmyra, Jerash, Bozrah, Kanawat and Baalbek. At Jerash are to be seen a street of magnificent columns and the ruins of the Temple of the Sun. In the Hauran where the Druses are—part of the land of Bashan—is the country of Job. At Makem Eyyub, legend has it that the

THE PRINCIPAL PORT OF SYRIA—A VIEW OF BEYROUT : One of our objectives in the Syrian campaign, Beyrout has been bombed by the R.A.F. This is a considerable town, and from a strategic point of view it is one of the most important places in the whole Eastern Mediterranean. It has been the seat of the French Government and the headquarters of General Dentz

THE CITY OF DAMASCUS, KEY-POINT OF SYRIA, towards which the first British advances by converging columns were directed

prophet and his wife lie buried; at Sheik Sa'ad there is a white-domed building which is reputed to cover the place where he groaned under his afflictions, and the bath wherein he washed when he was cured.

The inhabitants of Arabia are, of course, of Semitic origin, and there is undoubtedly a facial likeness to the Jews amongst the people east of Jordan. They are handsome, lean-built men with flashing eyes and gleaming white teeth, ready to tell a falsehood if it but spare the listener anxiety or displeasure. In the main they are Muslims, but there are many Christian Arabs and, in the cities, large numbers of Jews. The Turks, too, rid themselves of some of their more troublesome subjects, expatriating much of their Circassian population to settle in colonies in different parts of Syria. In the Hauran, however, a surprise awaits the traveller, for there a whole colony of Sudanese is living, retaining intact their racial character by avoidance of intermarriage with the people into whose country they were transplanted over a hundred years ago.

WHO IS THE GRAND MUFTI, Maker of Trouble Amongst the Arab Tribes?

THE flight of the former Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin al Husseini, from Bagdad on the approach of our troops is significant. He is said to have gone to Teheran in Iran. What he feared was arrest, and the British have a long list of charges against him. Indeed, there is every evidence that Haj Husseini was largely responsible for the unrest in Palestine. He pretended to be working in the interests of the Government along constitutional lines, while all the time he was quietly stirring up trouble. After his flight from Jerusalem to Beirut in Syria he gave the French some anxiety. He was found advocating the Arabs of Syria to agitate for independence and throw off the French yoke. Then he went to Bagdad and joined forces with Rachid Ali and his party.

Yet Haj Husseini owed everything to the British. It was through their good offices that he attained his exalted position in Jerusalem. But he abused it, and, what is more, attempted to strike down those very friends who had aided him.

The Prophet laid it down that a Mufti—that is, high priest or chief among the Muslims—should be mentioned with respect. And Haj Husseini did win the respect and admiration of the Muslim population of Jerusalem. He was their spiritual leader, adviser and magistrate. He exercised considerable sway and a word from him was sufficient to stop a strike or end a dispute. He was well educated and could speak English quite fluently. When he was in Jerusalem you could find him sitting behind an ample desk in his room on the Temple Area with telephones and typewriters in the outer office. He was quiet and dignified in manner, soft spoken and very affable. He had the appearance and manner of a saintly scholar and he could act as one. But there was another side to his character. He was crafty and sought high office. It is whispered in the bazaars of Jerusalem that he had hopes of reviving the Caliphate with himself as Caliph.

He held many distinguished posts while in Jerusalem. He was President of

HAJ AMIN AL HUSSEINI, former Grand Mufti of Jerusalem

the Supreme Muslim Council, Minister of Waufs, and also head of the Arab Higher Committee. As Minister of Waufs he had supreme authority over all religious and educational affairs. He was responsible for the supervision of Muslim schools, the care of the poor, the maintenance and repair of the mosques, and controlled the clergy and the religious courts. The income that he controlled from waufs—that is, property willed or dedicated to charitable or religious uses—amounted, it is said, to £50,000 a year.

The Arab Higher Committee was formed ostensibly to "protect the rights" of the Muslim population of Palestine. Instead of following constitutional methods, however, it upheld strikes, encouraged rioting which led to bloodshed and murder. In the end the Palestine Government gave orders for the arrest of the Grand Mufti when he fled to Beyrout in Syria, going on from there to Bagdad.

"Mufti" is an Arabic term for a teacher of the law. They comprise a powerful class of theologians and deliver judgments and decisions on canon law. The Turkish Grand Mufti—who was formerly *appointed* by the Sultan—had the right to *depose* the Sultan—or to proclaim a Holy war. Abdul Hamid was actually deposed by this means in 1909.

CRETE WAS CAPTURED ENTIRELY FROM THE AIR

For the First Time in History Air-borne Invaders drove out Strong Defending Forces. Why? Here the Lessons Learned in Crete are Summarised by an Expert in Air Subjects, NOEL MONKS

THE invasion of Crete was a masterpiece of aviation tactics, expertly operated, and although the Nazis didn't produce any secret weapons—the whole world knew of the *Luftwaffe's* glider squadrons—the plan of campaign was different, in keeping with the nature of the operation which, being the first "all-air" affair, was entirely new.

It is obvious now that the many aerial reconnaissances the enemy made over Crete prior to the invasion yielded perfect photographic reproductions of certain sections of the island, and these were studied microscopically by the pilots and paratroops taking part in the invasion.

Speed was to be the keynote of the campaign, with days to be counted as hours, and the plan was, undoubtedly, to find the weakest of a small number of main sectors and, once found, to concentrate the whole weight of the air attack on that spot—dive-bombers, heavy bombers and machine-gun attacks by fighters.

Thus, in the first few hours of the attack, the *Luftwaffe* found that, of the island's three airfields, Maleme was the most vulnerable, and from the moment the first Junkers troop-carriers piled up on its shell-swept surface and began to unload troops, Crete was doomed. Parachutists, alone, were unable to gain control of Maleme or of any section of the island, and here, I think, we learnt Lesson No. 1—that parachutists are not the "bogy-men" Hitler would have us believe. It didn't take the German Command long to find out that their paratroops were being wiped out almost as fast as they could be landed, so the bombers were called in, and, as reports show, there was a decided slackening in the weight of the parachutists' attack. I maintain that at this stage—the second day—500 Spitfires or Hurricanes, based on Crete, would have smashed the invasion attempt. They would have kept the bombers off, at the same time taking such a deadly toll of aircraft and personnel that in a week the *Luftwaffe* would have had to call a halt.

But the R.A.F. had withdrawn from Crete just ahead of the invasion, and the *Luftwaffe* were made a present of the skies over the island. This, I am sure, was not unforeseen by the Nazis, but I am equally sure that it came as a shock to the High Command to know that the pride of the German Parachute Corps were unable to make a bridgehead.

Troops landed from aircraft and gliders established the bridgehead in Crete. *Not* parachutists. Out of this fact emerged Lesson No. 2—we must defend our aerodromes to the limit, and make sure that, in the event of them being evacuated, we must take measures to render them entirely useless as far as enemy landings are concerned. This is a large order, I know, but not a fraction of the size of the Navy's task in keeping the high seas open.

While the Maleme aerodrome was under the fire of the New Zealanders' artillery, heavy casualties were being inflicted on the air-borne troops as the Junkers came in to land, but with a reckless disregard of losses the Nazis sent in their troop-carriers until, with five men escaping from one, ten from another, and so on, a sizable force was assembled in the course of 48 hours, and the push against the gallant defenders began in earnest.

Once the aerodrome was cleared of shell-fire—and the debris of wrecked aircraft—the hourly arrival of reinforcements, both by troop-carriers and parachute, grew to large proportions, and all the while the bombers were at work on the hard-pressed defenders. The parachutists were gaining ground now because they were being covered in their landings by the air-borne troops. The Germans lost no time in stringing strong defences all round Maleme. I have been told that the Nazis had Maleme more heavily defended at the end of the first week than the British had in six months' occupation of the island. This is, of course, an exaggeration, but the fact that the Germans ran up strong defences (as our bombers later found) under fire in a few days, is a striking example of German efficiency that could well be copied by some of our Service departments. There are aerodromes in England to-day very poorly defended indeed—after 21 months of war. Just about the time when the Nazis were gaining a real footing in Crete, the British public were told by a ranking R.A.F. officer, who spoke on the B.B.C., that Crete could not be taken by air-borne troops. Even young fighter and bomber pilots of the R.A.F. with whom I was in contact at the time agreed that air-borne troops *could* take Crete, seeing that the *Luftwaffe* had no fighter opposition.

A successful invasion of Crete by air-borne troops became a distinct possibility the moment the R.A.F. were withdrawn. It didn't need an expert to see that. Give the Nazis the skies of Britain for ten days—that is, ground the R.A.F.—and the Last Bastion of Democracy would indeed be endangered.

It has been estimated that the *Luftwaffe* employed 1,200 aircraft in Crete, and that at least 50,000 troops were carried to the island by air. Including the unspecified but obviously great number of Stukas shot down by the Fleet, and the number of troop-carriers and gliders destroyed in landing, Crete cost the *Luftwaffe* easily 800 aircraft of all types. I would say that at least half of these were written off before even the attack was launched. Many of them were re-engined "crocks," barely able to stagger across the 70-odd miles from Greece to Crete. But their age or condition didn't matter.

The losses in flying personnel and in trained paratroops is another matter, however. Probably 200 airmen and 10,000 paratroops were killed or maimed. The *Luftwaffe* would feel that. Ever since the war started, the *Luftwaffe* have been losing a steady 7-to-1 proportion of trained airmen in relation to the losses of the R.A.F. Over Britain alone they have lost 15,000 pilots and air crews to less than 500 R.A.F. fighter pilots.

It takes at least six months to train a good pilot these days, and about the same time to train a parachutist. German losses in air personnel throughout this war have been on a tremendous scale, and although it cannot be justly claimed that they are "feeling the pinch" yet, Göring must be worried. Crete was a costly victory, but it showed up air power as an "all-in" utility.

After Crete—what?

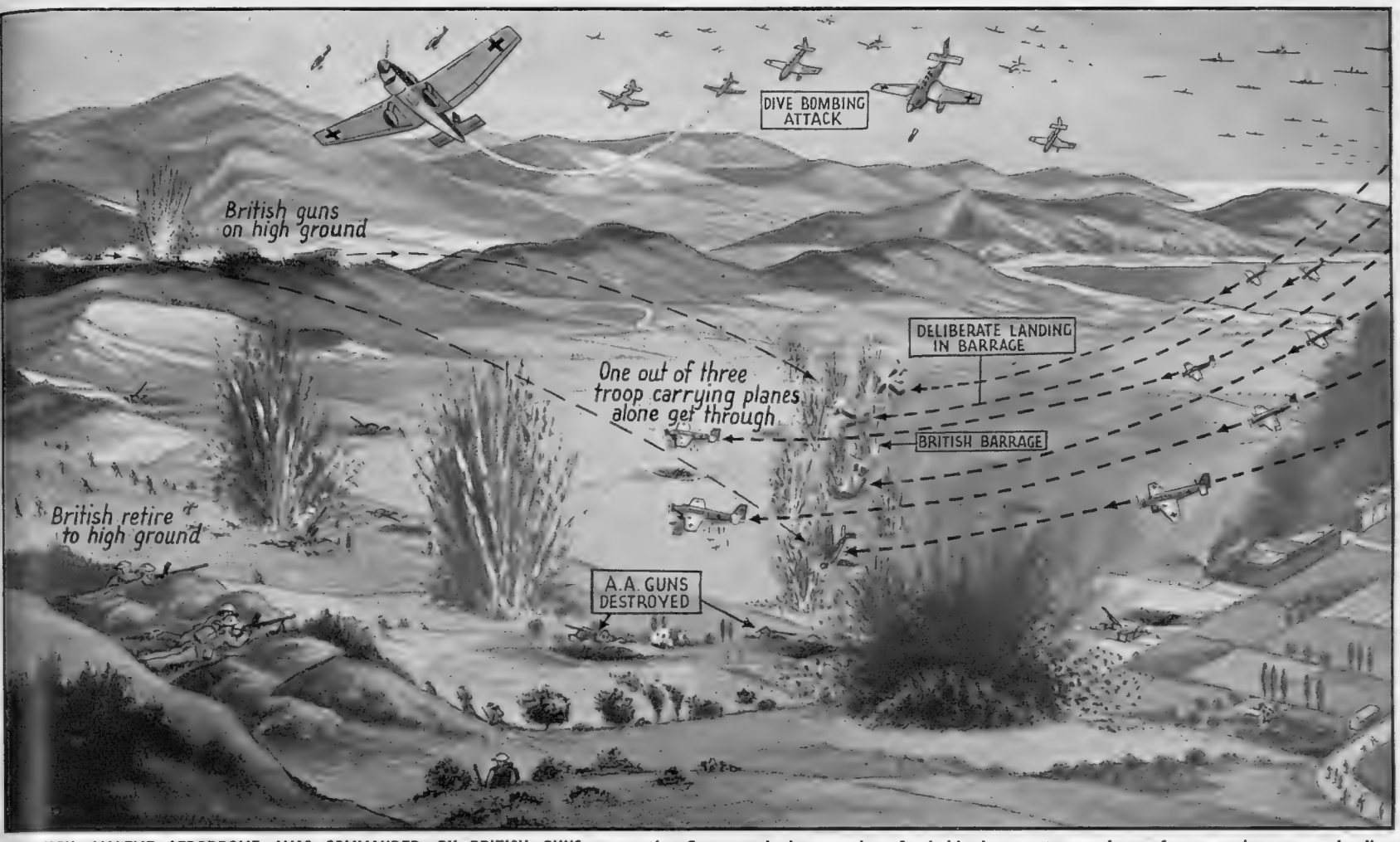
Cyprus was the obvious choice for the *Luftwaffe's* next invasion attempt, but the nearest Axis air bases—Rhodes and Crete—are much farther than Crete was from Greek bases and Cyprus is heavily defended. An attack on Cyprus would require even more careful planning than the Crete campaign.

In the meantime the air bases in Syria were the *Luftwaffe's* for the taking. With these, Cyprus would be easier than Crete. So "by arrangement" with Vichy, the *Luftwaffe* began to

THE DUMMY PARACHUTIST MAKES AN APPEARANCE IN CRETE—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*
It is now known that parachutists dropped from German planes rely, to a considerable extent, on supplies and ammunition dropped in containers at the same time. But in Crete our men witnessed a refinement of this: the containers were hastily got up to represent men! By this means, the parachutists were still enabled to get their supplies, but by dropping these life-like representations in shoals, the enemy was also able to make our troops waste their ammunition. Either this system was carefully thought out beforehand, or it affords a good illustration of quick adaptation by the Germans to local needs of the moment!

Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

H.M.S. "ORION" TAKES A HAND IN THE EVACUATION OF OUR FORCES FROM CRETE: Already famous for the great part she played in the Matapan Battle, when she was the flagship of Admiral Pridham-Wippell, and lured the reluctant Italians into battle, H.M.S. *Orion* again distinguished herself during the Crete evacuation. With the *Perth*, another cruiser, it was amongst units of the Mediterranean Fleet which brought over 15,000 men off the Island. Despite the intensest attacks by hundreds of aeroplanes at once, and without any air protection, *Orion* succeeded in bringing back to Alexandria 1,100 soldiers, repelling with her own anti-aircraft guns repeated attacks to sink her



ALTHOUGH MALEME AERODROME WAS COMMANDED BY BRITISH GUNS, once the Germans had secured a foothold they sent aeroplane after aeroplane over, landing deliberately through our barrage, and lucky if only one in three got through in the initial stages—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

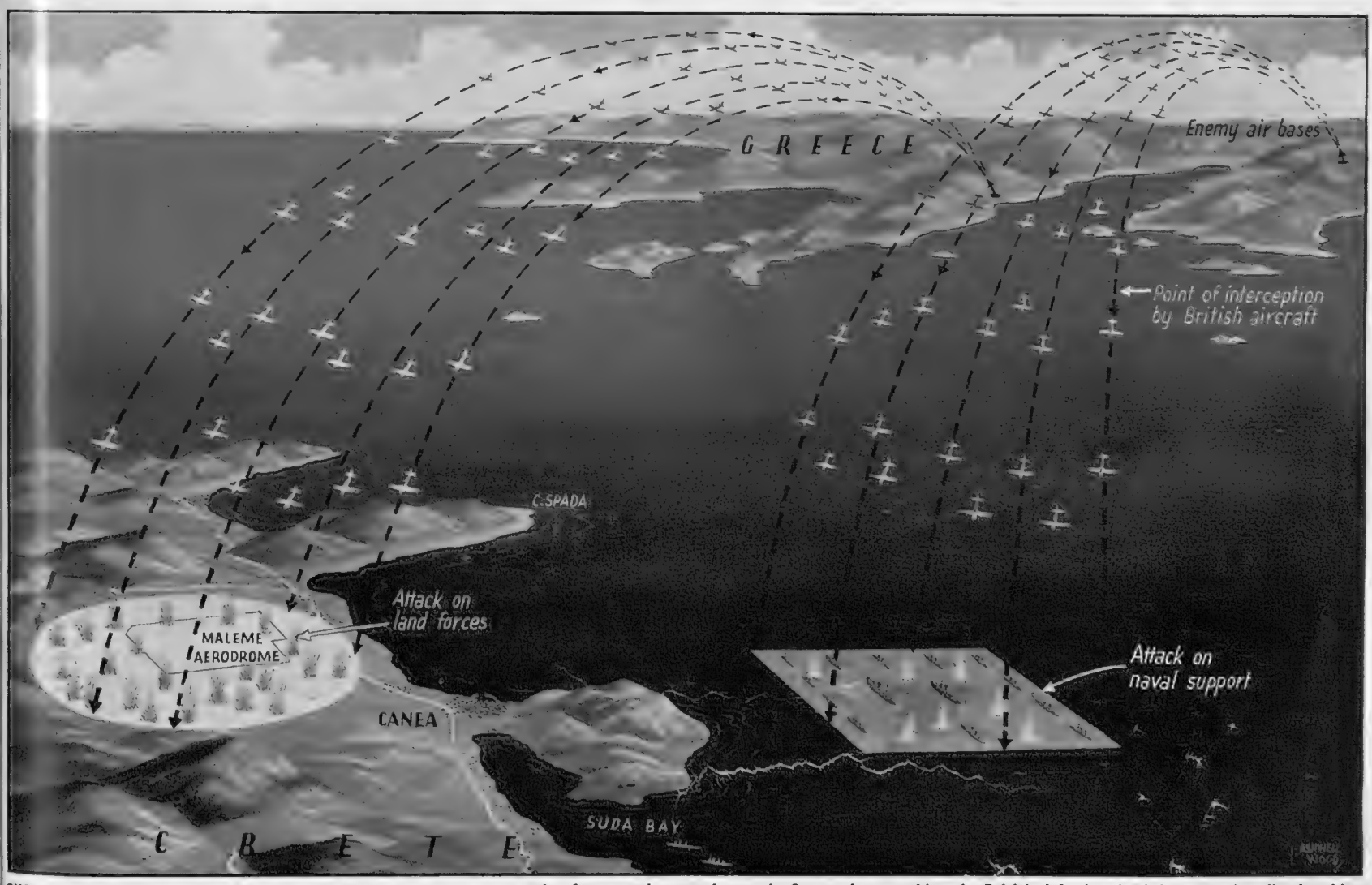
move into Syria. Undoubtedly the action of the British and Free French and Empire forces in invading Syria will hold up the attack on Cyprus. On the outcome of the battles being waged there now will depend not only the fate of Cyprus, but probably the whole of the Middle East and the Eastern Mediterranean.

Alexandria, Malta and Gibraltar, Britain's key posts in the Mediterranean,

The methods pursued by the Germans in their onslaught on Crete are now known, from the descriptions of officers and men who actually experienced them. Contrary to general opinion, it was *not* the parachutists who captured Crete: comparatively, they were a failure; it was the dive-bombers and the air-borne infantry. Maleme aerodrome was finally selected by the Germans as the principal objective, after tentative landings had also been made at other points on the island; at this point, the aerodrome was swept by our artillery fire. Nevertheless, regardless of the terrific cost, nothing stopped the German troop-carriers from landing. Despite the artillery barrage, big Junkers transport planes, each carrying some thirty men, deliberately landed, and were immediately smashed to pieces. That did not stop them; they went on landing, one plane arriving regularly every three minutes. One of every three got through—and this was sufficient for the implacable Nazis. At the same time, dive-bombers were being used as artillery by the enemy, thus pinning the British defenders to their trenches and allowing the air-borne infantry to consolidate their positions around the aerodrome. Gradually our men were driven back; the Navy, meanwhile, being unable to help for the same reason—relentless attack by the dive-bombers on the ships lying off Crete which were waiting an opportunity to come in to the support of our land forces

are the most heavily defended positions in the world, against air attack particularly.

Dive-bombers in sufficient numbers operating from near bases are the only known weapons that would have a chance of seriously threatening them. To reduce Alexandria to rubble and the Fleet to scrap, Hitler would gladly throw away 10,000 Stukas and 20,000 airmen—if he had them.



ONCE THE FOOTHOLD AT MALEME WAS SECURED, the Germans, operating from nearby aerodromes in Greece, kept pushing the British defenders back by unceasing dive-bombing attacks. By the same methods the Royal Navy (which might have bombarded Maleme from the sea) was also kept at bay—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

THE THREE STAGES WITHIN THE AIRCRAFT before the actual descent is begun : Having been taken to the scene of action warmly clad in a thick overcoat (it can be very cold in a big transport aeroplane—and a parachutist should not be numbed with cold before he begins his descent), this is discarded and the static line which opens the parachute quickly is then affixed. The parachutist takes up his "Action Station" and is all ready when the order to leave the aircraft is given

HOW BRITISH PARACHUTISTS OPERATE

Two Drawings Based on a Recent Demonstration which was Witnessed by the King and by the Home Guard—*Drawings by Roland Davies*

Parachutists and paratroops are distinctly in the news these days. It was only recently that the King and a number of Home Guards witnessed a demonstration of dropping from the skies by our own picked men. Three features of the demonstration were the low height from which the paratroops were dropped; the accuracy of the placing—on the exact spot where they were to go into action; and the speed with which the men got into fighting position. The operation consisted of seizing part of a landing-ground. Three bombers appeared. In each were up to eight paratroops, who, fifteen minutes before they were due over the objective, had been given the command, "Prepare for action." That meant that, if they had had a long journey, they would take off the warm clothing they had been wearing and fix in position the lines which open their parachutes automatically as they drop. A few minutes before reaching the landing-ground they were given "Action stations," and four in each plane sat round the escape hole with their legs dangling through it. Fifteen seconds off the objective a red light flashed near them—the warning to be ready to jump. And then a green light, which told them "Jump." Down they floated, with other parachutes bringing their equipment. As they landed, they ran in small parties to collect the equipment. That was to prevent grouping round the container and presenting an easy target to any defenders in the vicinity

On right—

THE PARATROOPS DROP AT EXACTLY THE RIGHT SPOT : As soon as the aircraft—usually three work together, in order to get a good concentration of troops at the same spot—reach the predetermined point, they wheel and at once release their load in a line. By this means a solid body of men are ready to face their enemy within a few minutes after landing. It will take some time for the defenders to muster to the attack, and by that time the men dropped from the skies are all prepared for action

MOSUL AND THE CITIES OF IRAQ

The Oil Centre is a Picturesque City Which is Now Linked with the Outside World by Rail

—A Special "Sphere" Section

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF MOSUL: The leaning minaret, a competitor of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. The legend is that the tower bowed towards Mecca on the death of the Prophet Muhammad and has remained so since

MOSUL, astride the River Tigris, some 270 miles north of Bagdad, is looked upon as the centre of the Iraq oil industry. The famous oil-fields, so eagerly coveted by the Axis Powers, are situated here, and also at Kirkuk, about a hundred miles to the south-east of Mosul. The wells at the latter place lie in the Vilayet of the same name. The opening up of the fields has played its part in the development of Mosul. Now that the city has been connected with the outside world by rail, her importance as an industrial and agricultural centre, not to say her strategical position generally, will be still further enhanced.

The railway was only completed last autumn. There was to have been a ceremonial opening at Mosul by the Regent, but the unsettled conditions generally led the Government to postpone the ceremony. Before the completion of the line, the railway extended north from Bagdad for 146 miles, as far as Bariji, from which point travellers completed the journey to Mosul by car. From Bariji, British engineers built the line to Nisibin, on the Syrian and Turkish frontier. This section of the track, 198 miles in length, cost £3,250,000. It traverses the wild, rocky plain near the Tigris—running now on embankments, now through deep cuttings in the limestone, and through a single tunnel a kilometre in length.

At Nisibin the line connects with the stretch built by the Turks through the Taurus Mountains, thus completing the much-talked-of Bagdad Railway. Mosul, accordingly, now enjoys direct railway communication not only with Bagdad, but with Scutari, opposite Istanbul. It would be possible in normal times for travellers to reach Bagdad from England in six days, with a single change at the Bosphorus, and then, changing again at Bagdad, to run right down to Basra and the Persian Gulf.

While Mosul to-day can claim to be the third most important city in Iraq, she has in the past been the wayward child, as it were, of Mesopotamia. After the first World War of 1914-18, Turkey claimed the Vilayet of Mosul, and for some years Mosul's fate hung in the balance. The Allied Powers, however, decided that Mosul should not be separated from Iraq. The whole district is of immense importance strategically, the mountains of the north forming a very necessary impenetrable protection zone to Bagdad and the whole kingdom of Iraq. As a compensation, Turkey enjoys a share of the royalties on Mosul oil for a period of thirty years.

The decision to include the Vilayet of Mosul, which has an area of some 35,000 square miles, within the then Mandated Territory of Iraq, greatly pleased the Mosuli, and led to a veritable resurrection so far as the city of Mosul was concerned. From that moment, her citizens not only began to dream dreams of prosperity and security, but of an era when the ancient importance and wealth of Mosul would be revived.

In the old days, Mosul was a city of merchants and merchandise. Centre of a great industrial and corn-growing district, on the direct caravan route between Mesopotamia, Syria, Turkey and Persia, it was one of the world markets of the Middle Ages. Under Turkish rule and general neglect, trade declined, and Mosul lost its former glory.

If you open a book about Mesopotamia written before the first World War, you will find the city of Mosul described as squalid and dirty. It is time the stigma was removed, for now, thanks to the enthusiasm with which it has taken to reform, the town is the cleanest and airiest in Iraq, recalling Southern Europe rather than the East. It is entirely different from Bagdad, with a charm and an interest of its own. It has wide, well-kept streets, lighted by electricity, its own water and drainage system, and nearly all those amenities associated with a Western city. Its houses are well built, mostly of a local soft stone, which in appearance resembles real marble. In fact, standing in Nineveh Street, bordered by solid, well-designed houses, their windows protected by grilles, their archways and facings of this stone, it is easy to imagine oneself in Italy. The name Mosul is derived from the fact that it was the original home of muslin, and weaving of all kinds is still carried on.

The growing prosperity of Mosul is evidenced in her colourful markets, crowded with folk from far and near. There you see Kurds, with wide, many-folded sashes, and display of knives and firearms; wild-looking Yezidis, with peculiar dress and round-cut shirts; stalwart Assyrians from the mountains, looking like brigands; Chaldeans from neighbouring Christian villages, in baggy trousers and gay waistcoats; Beduins with tangled plaits and sunburnt faces, and others—men of many faiths and many tongues, intent on buying or selling before they journey back to their distant homes.

No city, probably, has so many religious sects as Mosul, and here are to be found churches representing many curious beliefs, including the Nestorian and Chaldeans, two of the most ancient of Christian sects; the ancient Assyrian Church, now poorly represented, as many of its followers have been removed to Syria; the Christians of John the Baptist, a remnant of the Gnostics; also Maronites, Syrian Catholics; and, lastly, the Yezidis, or devil-worshippers.

These latter, who number about 60,000 throughout the whole Vilayet, render homage to Satan, whom they speak of reverently as Melek Taus, or the Peacock King. This "homage" is, however, a propitiatory deference to save them from the evil that might befall them through Satan. No Yezidi will ever say the word "Shaitan," the Arabic word for Satan, or any word that begins with "sh" or rhymes with "an." To do so in their presence causes very great offence. Their holy book is the *El-Kitab El Aswad*, or *The Black Book*, according to which the Yezidis are descended from the union of Adam with a dark lady brought to him by the Devil.

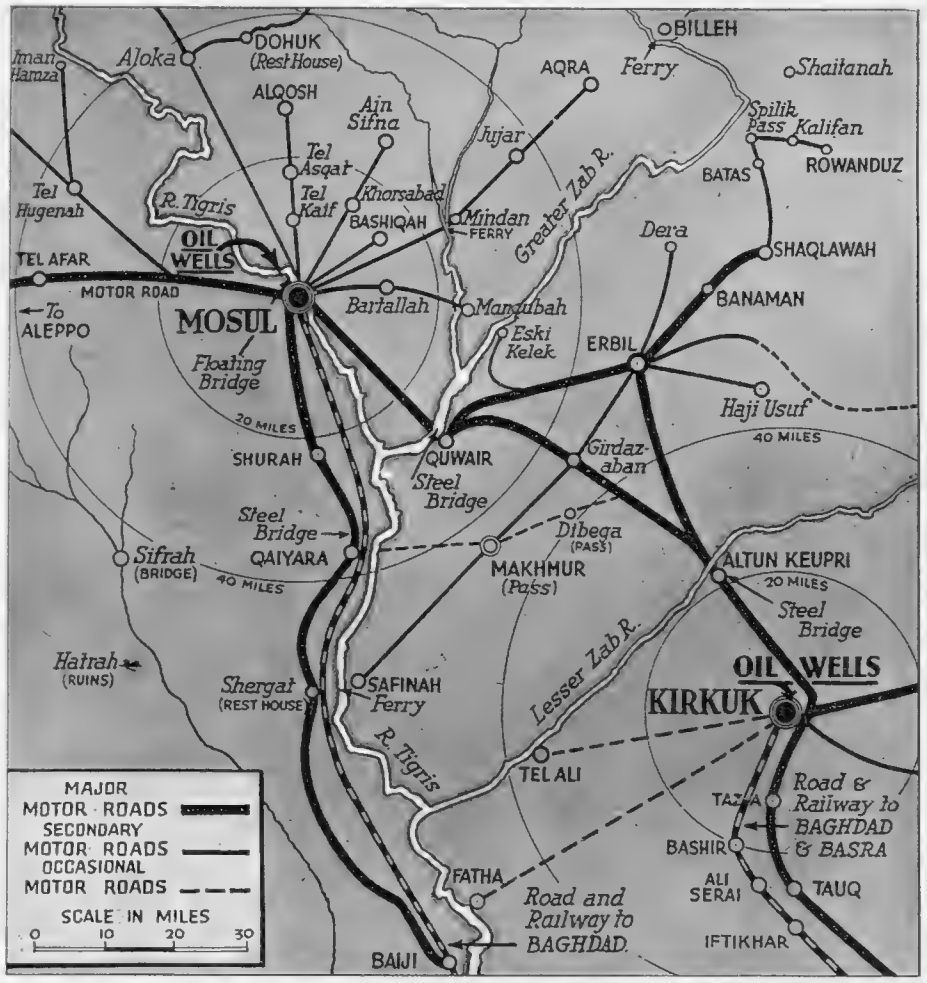
They say the Devil was flung out of Heaven as the result of a dispute about the making of a serpent. One of their sacred symbols is the serpent. There is a large carved black serpent outside the door of their principal shrine at Sheik Adi, in the foothills about forty miles north of Mosul. This is the Mecca of the sect. This symbol of the serpent they kiss before entering. After his exploit in the Garden of Eden, Malek Taus took the form of a peacock and hid in a lettuce-plant, but this did not cover him, so the lettuce is cursed, and no Yezidi will eat of it. Their list of forbidden foods is quite extensive, including not only the peacock, but the cock, as being too much like it, the gazelle, various kinds of fish, beans, marrows and other vegetable dishes which might possibly appeal to pea-fowl. Red is their favourite colour; blue is anathema. Conical, fluted spires are characteristic of the architecture of their shrines.

The oldest and most beautiful mosque in Mosul is Jami Kibura, in the centre of the town. It has a marvellous leaning minaret, caused, it is said, through the tower "bowing to Muhammad when on his way to Heaven." As the mosque dates from the time of Saladin, it is obvious that it was erected long after the Prophet's death. The minaret is more than 200 ft. in height, and it has an even greater angle than the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa in Italy.

Twenty minutes' walk from Mosul, on the east side of the river, lie the ruins of Nineveh, the once proud capital of the Assyrian Empire under Sennacherib. Like Babylon, Nineveh has been despoiled by brick thieves for centuries, and has supplied material for the building of Mosul. Now nothing remains above ground. The sites of the vast palaces of Sennacherib, Essaddon and Ashurbanipal have been traced. Here Layard found the Royal Library of Nineveh, 20,000 clay tablets, now in the British Museum. Most interesting of these, perhaps, are the Babylonian Flood Tablets, confirming the story told in the Bible of the Deluge. Some distance from Nineveh stands the shrine of Neby Yunis (the Prophet Jonah), said to be the burial place of the Prophet who protested against Nineveh's wickedness.

Harold J. Shepstone

THE RUINS OF SENNACHERIB'S CASTLE ON THE BANKS OF THE TIGRIS, NEAR MOSUL: Sennacherib was the King of Assyria, whose cohorts came down "like wolves on the fold." His period was 705 to 680 B.C. In the above picture note the Yezidi shrine in the distance: the Yezidis are devil-worshippers and there are 60,000 of them in the Vilayet of Mosul



THE TWO OIL CENTRES OF MOSUL AND KIRKUK, NOW ONCE AGAIN IN RIGHTFUL HANDS: These two highly important oil-producing centres, now freed from the influence of Rashid Ali, lie some hundred miles apart. They are connected by good motor roads, and communications generally within this area are excellent. Mosul was linked up by rail with the outside world as recently as last autumn; and Kirkuk, too, has its rail connection with Bagdad and Basra. The region pictured here is ancient and picturesque—its recorded history going back to the very beginning of Time. Its many interesting features are shown in detail in this very complete map

THE ANCIENT CITIES OF THE EAST: Described by ROBERT FINCH

THE ANCIENT CITIES OF IRAQ: Here are the historic spots of ancient Assyria and Babylonia. Many of them hardly exist, except as heaps of ruins, amongst which archæologists alone are to be met to-day: but some still survive, such as Bagdad and Mosul and Erbil and others. In prehistoric times the coastline of the Persian Gulf extended farther inland than it does to-day

ONCE again the Middle East has become the battleground of the nations. Over ancient battlefields where most of the great peoples, from the Bronze Age Sumerians to the followers of the Prophet of Islam, have fought out their quarrels or carried their conquests, tanks now rumble and aeroplanes soar in the modern struggle of civilised man against the greatest tyranny the world has ever seen.

The map of the Middle East, indeed, is a palimpsest of human history; beneath its surface, so to speak, historians and archæologists can discern other and yet other cartographical records carrying the story of mankind back beyond recorded history to earth-borne traces of prehistoric men. The whole area is strewn with the sites of old cities and fortifications; of sepulchral chambers and ancient monuments; of palaces, temples, towers and castles.

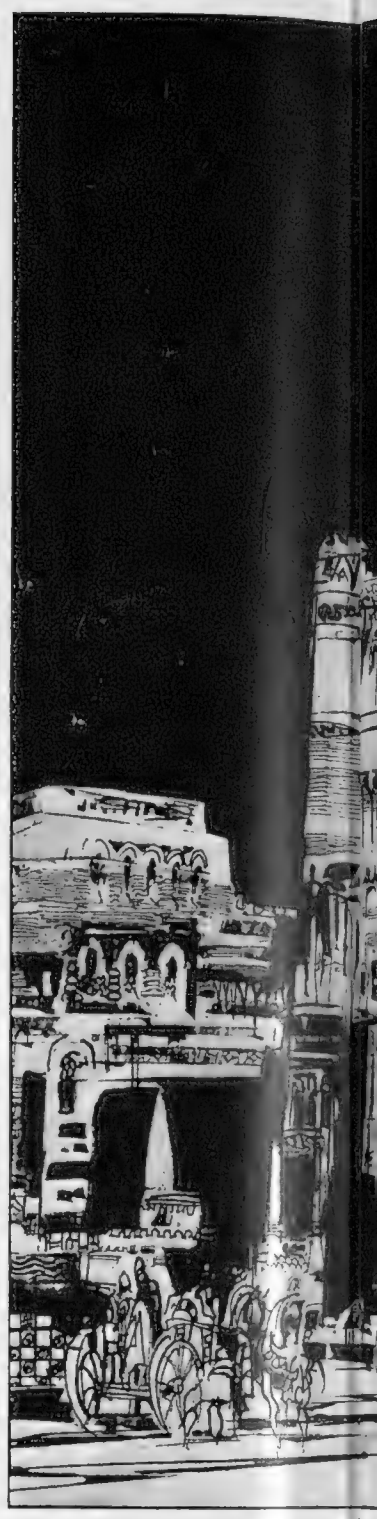
A good modern map shows, for example, the positions of ancient Babylon and Nineveh, of Persepolis and Susa (Shushan of the Palace), and perhaps also of Eridu, the Sumerian seaport of 5,000 years ago, and of Ur of the Chaldees, where Abraham was born. Damascus will certainly be marked—the place believed to be the oldest city in the world still inhabited; and so will the cities and strongholds of Palestine familiar to us all in the Bible story. Even the sites of modern oil wells near Kirkuk, Mosul and Maidan-i-Naftun carry us back to the bitumen deposits which furnished caulking material for Noah's Ark, "pitched within and without." For oil and bitumen occur there and at other places

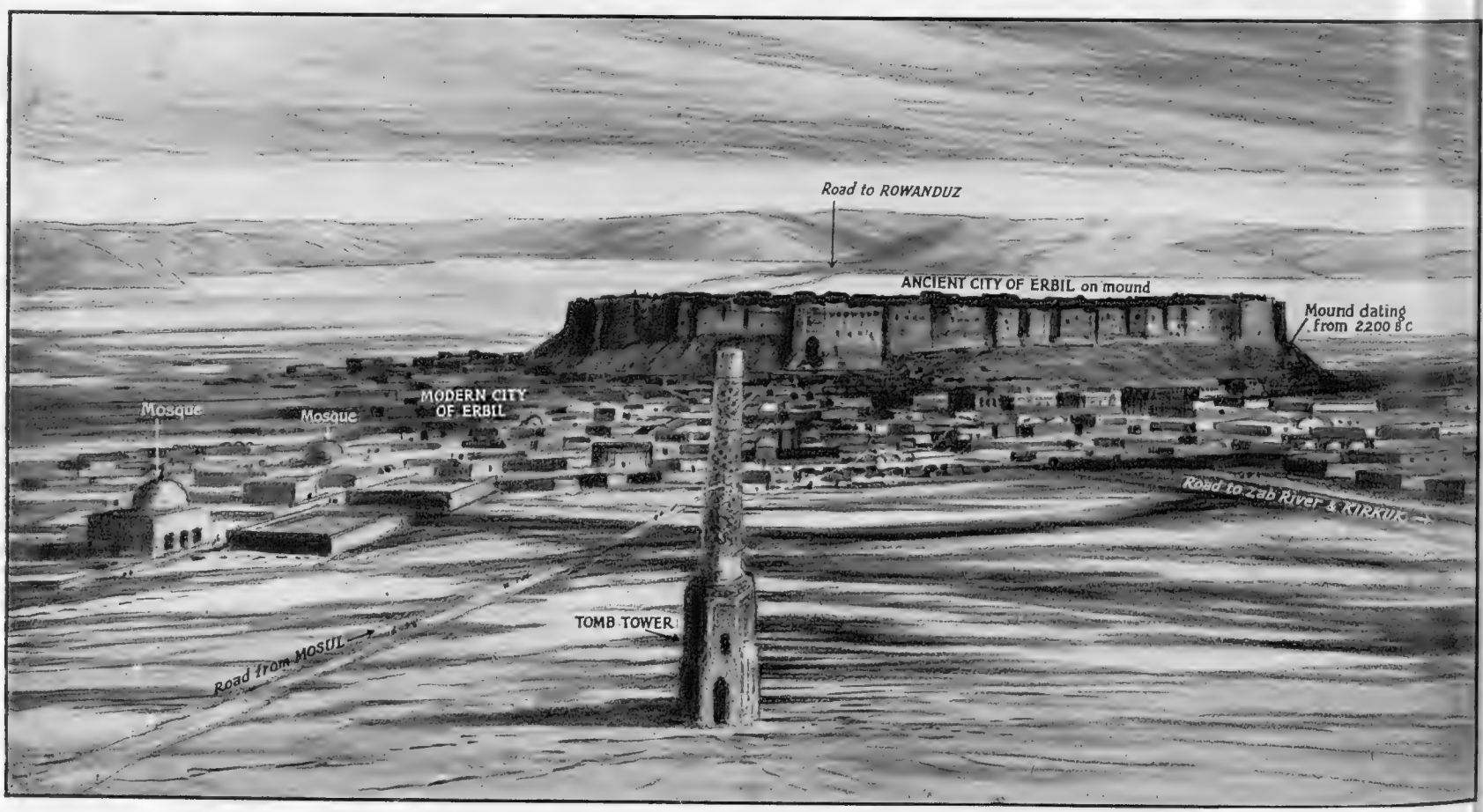
(Continued below on right)

THE GREAT ARCH OF CTESIPHON, silhouetted against a glowing sunset: Some idea of the dimensions of the structure may be gauged from the figure standing on top of the arch. It has a span of 83 ft. and is about 100 ft. in height. Its crumbling brickwork is the home of thousands of pigeons and bats

There is a thrill about the first vision of the great arch at Ctesiphon, which no other relic of past ages can give one from end to end of the Euphrates-Tigris valley. Some of the sites are much more ancient, but their palace halls have crumbled to dust. Here at Ctesiphon one can still stand under one of the marvels of arch construction, dating from the time when the great Sassanian (Persian) dynasty vied with the splendour of Imperial Rome. Mr. Walcot shows us what the scene looked like when the great jewelled curtain hung across the open end of the arched palace room, one of the best descriptions of which is given in Gertrude Bell's brilliant work dealing with Mesopotamia, *Amurath to Amurath*.

"The great curtain of wall, the face of the right wing, rises stark and gaunt out of the desert, bearing upon its surface a shallow decoration of niches and engaged columns which is the final word in the Asiatic treatment of wall spaces, the end of the long history of artistic endeavour which began with the Babylonians and was quickened into fresh vigour by the Greeks. Tradition has it that the whole wall was covered with precious metals. The gigantic vault, built over empty space without the use of centering beams, is one of the most stupendous creations of any age. The Arab historian, Tabari, gives an account of a carpet seventy cubits long and sixty cubits broad which formed part of the booty when the Mohammadans sacked the city. It was woven into the likeness of a garden; the ground was worked in gold and the paths in silver; the meadows were of emeralds and the streams of pearls, the trees, flowers and fruits of diamonds and other precious stones. Such a texture as this may have been drawn aside to reveal the Great King seated in state in his hall of audience, with the light of a thousand lamps, suspended from the roof, catching his jewelled tiara, his sword and girdle, illuminating the hangings on the walls and the robes and trappings of the army courtiers who stood round the throne"





THE MOST STRIKING OF ALL THE ANCIENT SITES IN MESOPOTAMIA: A RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SASSANIAN PALACE AT CTESIPHON, of which only the famous Arch remains to-day. Specially drawn for this issue by William Walcot (see *notes on left*)

Above and on left—**THE OLDEST TOWN IN THE WORLD—Erbil, in the ancient kingdom of Assyria, and now one of the Iraqi towns. *Above*—A row of shops and cafés, below the ancient city on the Mound; and, *on left*, a drawing of Erbil as it appears to-day** (*by Percy Horne*)

Erbil, some 65 miles from Mosul, is the only ancient mound in Iraq that is still inhabited, and has kept its name unchanged through the ages. It means "four gods." The reason this city still lives, when all the others are dead and buried, is owing to its better water supply, which has not dried up in the course of time. Deep beneath the mound, covered by city upon city, lies the famous Temple of Ishtar Before starting on their devastating campaigns, the great Kings of Assyria came to worship here, and consult the omens. Near the present site was fought one of the great decisive battles of the world. Darius the Persian made his last stand before the all-conquering army of Alexander the Great, at the battle of Erbila All the vast treasure of Darius lies buried in his ruined city beneath the feet of the town of to-day. The city is approached by one of the main motor roads from Mosul. The level ground, from which rises a tomb-tower in a semi-ruinous condition, but still giving evidence of geometric decoration, was the scene of the battle between Darius and Alexander. In the drawing, the modern (or, rather, the less ancient) city lies spread out on the level ground of the middle distance; the domes of several mosques rise above the general level of the walls. Beyond, the upper city dominates the view Its walls take picturesque bastion-like groupings, being pierced by one large entrance gateway. Its gloom at night is partially relieved by a few small electric lights. The usual *khans*, shops and houses crowd together in both upper and lower portions of the city. It must be tantalising to the inhabitants of the upper city to think that if they agreed to a general plan of demolition and digging, they might recover treasure of untold value!

(*Continued from above on left*)

in the Mesopotamian "lee" of the Zagros mountain edge of the Iranian Plateau. Bitumen from the wells of Hit provided pitch for the walls of Babylon; Baba Gurgur, a few miles north of Kirkuk, is the traditional site of "the flaming fiery furnace" of the third chapter of Daniel.

Through Palestine and Syria ran the "way of the Sea" between ancient Egypt and Babylonia—the "corridor" highway between the Great Sea and the Syrian Desert, by which invading armies, peaceful traders or restless migrants made their way century after century, leaving behind them traces of their individual civilisations in the many archæological remains of different periods, in the names of places and physical features and in the ethnographical make-up of the peoples living there now.

To most of these races the cedars of Lebanon (now a sorry remnant of former splendour) gave fine timber for the enrichment of temples and palaces, villas and galleys; the purchase of cedarwood from Hiram King of Tyre by King Solomon in the golden age of the Hebrews is only one of many recorded and unrecorded transactions of the kind.

In Damascus, already a famous city in the days of Abraham, "the street called straight," where St. Paul lodged at the house of one Simon, a tanner, still runs its mile-long course from the eastern to the western Roman gates of the city. Here, too, is the great Mosque of Omaiyid, on a site originally sacred to Roman Jupiter, which was once a Christian church dedicated to John the Baptist, whose head is said to repose there in a golden casket. The Mosque is one of the most sacred Muslim shrines to-day.

Baalbek (ancient Heliopolis), within an easy railway or bus ride from the Syrian port of Beyrout, was the "city of Baal, the sungod," and of famous temples to Jupiter and Bacchus, enough of whose beautiful Corinthian columns, colonnades, and courts remain to bear witness to the art of their Roman builders.

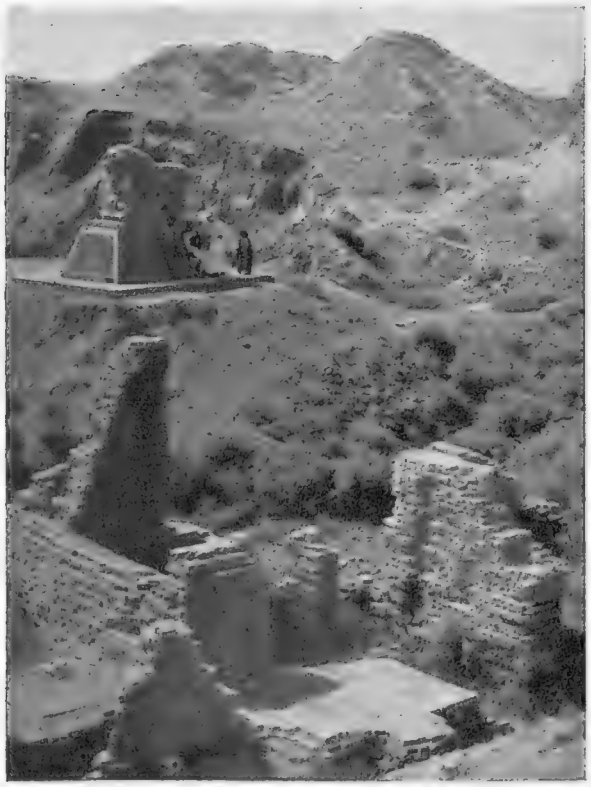
(*Continued on following page*)

THE CITY OF MOSUL, ONE OF THE CENTRES OF IRAQ'S OIL-PRODUCING AREAS—a drawing by Sydney R. Jones. *(For a description of this city see the article by Mr. Shepstone on a preceding page)*

THE ANCIENT CITIES OF IRAQ

(Cont.)

Far away to the south, in Transjordan, a few miles west of Moan on the Hejaz railway, are the wonderful, rock-cut temples of the Roman city of Petra—"the rose-red city half as old as Time"—carved by masons and sculptors in the red sand-stone cliffs of the narrow, tortuous ravine Wadi Musa.



"THE LION OF BABYLON": In the ancient capital of Babylonia, now the happy hunting-ground of archaeologists. This monument is of black basalt and is probably a Hittite war trophy: it portrays a lion trampling over the prostrate form of a human being, vividly recalling the story of Daniel in the Lions' Den

In Iraq, near Bagdad, the *Arabian Nights* city of the Caliphs—most glorious under Harun el Raschied in A.D. 800—is the traditional site of the Garden of Eden. Some sixty miles to the south lie the ruins of Babylon, buried beneath yellow mounds until archæologists revealed their secrets to verify in a remarkable degree Old Testament history. Not far away stood the Tower of Babel, and Kish, which after the flood became "the leading city of the world." The remarkable discoveries of Leonard Woolley, near Ur, too, illustrate not only the character and trade of Abraham's contemporaries there, but also the account of the Flood.

Nineveh, Sennacherib's Assyrian capital, lies just across the Tigris from modern Mosul. A landmark on the airway from Bagdad to Basra is the great arch of Ctesiphon, remains of the palace of King Chosroes, ruler of sixth-century Parthia.

Iran, no less than Syria and Iraq, has its archæological treasures. When Cyrus, King of Persia, in 550 B.C., became "the greatest conqueror in history till then recorded," he built his city of Pasargadae. All that is left of his city and palace are a marble terrace, a tomb-like building and a pillar inscribed in three languages, "I am Cyrus, the King, the Archæmenian." The tomb of Cyrus, lonely amid fields, once held his body in a golden casket. On it, Greek writers said, was inscribed the following exhortation:

> "O man, whosoever thou art and from whencesoever thou comest (for that thou wilt come I know), I am Cyrus who founded the Empire of the Persians. Grudge me not, therefore, this little earth that covers my body."

King Darius, whose name is familiar in Bible story, built his capital at Persepolis, on a great terraced platform upon which later were set the cities of Xerxes (485–486 B.C.)—the King Ahasuerus of the Book of Esther—and of Artaxerxes. Persepolis was burned by Alexander the Great in 331 B.C.

Both Persepolis and Pasargadae lie near the road from Shiraz to Abbasabad on the way to Ispahan.

Still more interesting in many ways are the rock-sculptures of Bisitun (Behistun), on the main highway from Kermanshah to Hamadan (famous as the burial place of Esther and Mordecai). Three hundred feet above the ground are inscriptions of Darius cut in the face of the cliff. Below the heroic figure of the King (bow in hand and sentencing to death ten Kings near him—the prostrate "false Smerdis" trampled underfoot) are inscriptions in three languages, the old Persian, Elamite and Babylonian, which proved of immense help in the comparative study of ancient tongues. Each reads as follows:

> "I am Darius the Great King, King of Kings, the King of Nations, the son of Hytaspes, the Archæmanian."

Then follows a "list of the great events of Darius'" early years; each record is proudly announced: "Thus saith Darius the King," and describes with relish and detail the frightful tortures to which his prostrate foes were in turn subjected. "Total War" is evidently nothing new.

THE GREAT ZIGGURAT AT UR OF THE CHALDEES, which was built by Ur-Nammu 400 years before Abraham was born. It measures more than 200 ft. in length and 150 ft. in breadth. Its summit was originally crowned with palm gardens and a Temple to the Moon God

"THE TOWER OF BABEL": A distant view of the ruins of Birs Nimrud, now identified as Borsippa, which for years was regarded as the site of the Tower of Babel. A curious feature about the ruin is the great mass of bricks which are fused into a solid whole: hence the belief that it was the Tower—burnt with fire from Heaven

THE RUINS OF KISH, not far from Hillah, on the Euphrates in Iraq, which is said to have been the ruling city immediately after the Deluge. Four dynasties ruled here, all before the year 3200 B.C. This picture shows the remains of a Royal Palace recently excavated

HOW THE FORT AT RUTBAH, ON THE ROUTE OF THE IRAQ PIPE-LINE, WAS FORCED TO SURRENDER: Held by the Iraqi rebels, the fort was bombed by the R.A.F. One of the missiles is seen above bursting just outside the wall

AN ARMOURED CAR, captured from a rebel section of the Iraqi army, seen inside the camp at Habbaniyeh

The END of the IRAQ CAMPAIGN

The campaign against Rashid Ali, usurper of power in Iraq, might almost be described as the campaign that was never publicised. So much is said of our defeats, that it would almost seem as if we have no time to regard our victories. Yet Rashid Ali's revolt in Iraq was extensive, and it was organised with great skill and with a considerable weight behind it: the revolt was crushed within a few weeks, almost within a few days. The distance from Iraq is, of course, considerable, and for this reason we have not until now been able to secure the pictures reproduced on this page. They are given here as a reminder of still another British triumph in a region where defeat might have had very serious consequences

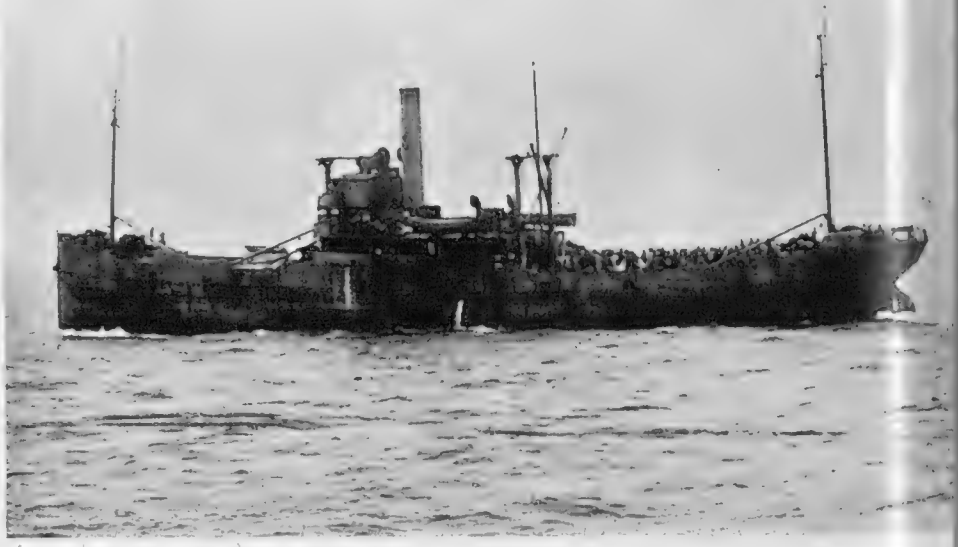
PRISONERS OF REBEL SECTIONS OF THE IRAQI ARMY: These men were adherents of Rashid Ali's rebel government: they were forced into the camp at Habbaniyeh by low-flying R.A.F. aircraft. Our airmen played a very considerable part throughout the whole of this successful—and very rapid—campaign, which has now come to an end with the arrival of British forces at both Mosul and Kirkuk

NEWS OUT OF TOBRUK

A Series of Pictures from the Beleaguered British Fortress in the Western Desert

BRITISH TANKS GOING INTO ACTION AGAINST THE GERMANS : A scene during one of the sorties made by the garrison ; although beleaguered, there is plenty of action of this sort going on all the time around Tobruk. The British defenders have a very complete equipment, and fresh supplies reach them from the sea, thanks to the efforts of the Royal Navy

TANK TRAPS FORM PART OF THE DEFENCES : At various strategic points these "Dragon's teeth" have been sown by the British forces. As the Germans depend so largely on mechanical transport and tanks, these hindrances to quick travel are not likely to be appreciated by them !



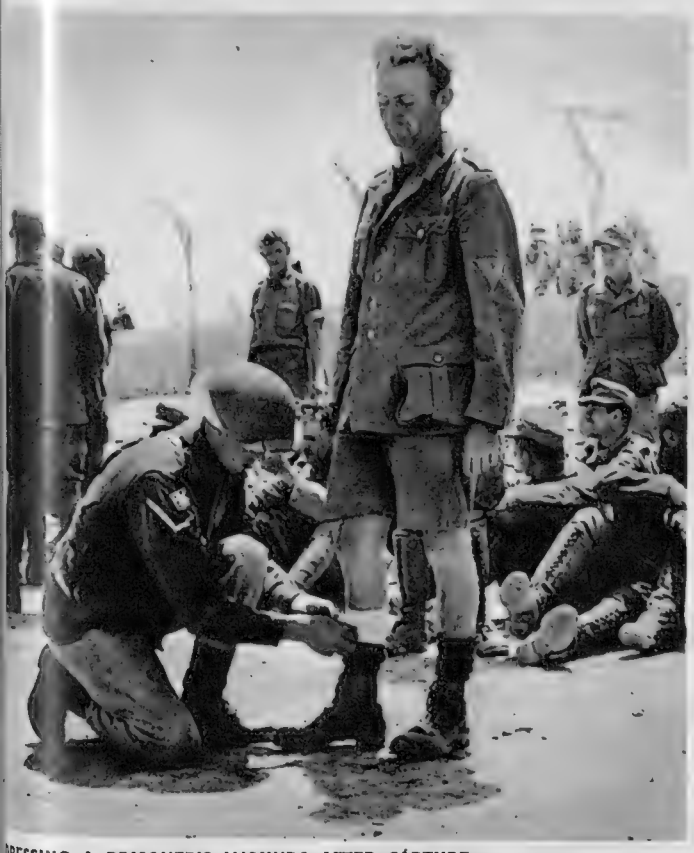
THE NAVY IS VERY ACTIVE AT TOBRUK : It is by sea that communications between the fortress in the Western Desert and Egypt are maintained. With our control of the sea-ways in the Eastern Mediterranean, supplies and reinforcements reach Tobruk whenever necessary. This picture shows a shipload of prisoners captured during operations in the desert en route to a prisoners' camp. The Germans dive-bombed this vessel mercilessly for a whole day : although the prisoners were badly shaken up, there were no casualties

AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER WITH A VERY YOUNG GERMAN PRISONER : Many Germans have been captured in the Western Desert during recent attacks, but a still larger number of Italians have also been taken prisoner

A GERMAN PRISONER BEING INTERROGATED BY BRITISH OFFICERS : Major, Captain and Lieutenant are all interested in what the prisoner has to relate. It would appear that his story is being checked up by reference to the map which the three British officers are here studying

A SIGNAL STATION IN A CATACOMB : There are a number of these tombs in the desert: this one is 20 ft. below ground and is used by the Royal Corps of Signals. Although the history of the tomb is unknown, it is believed to be hundreds of years old. Cool in the hot weather, it is warm at nights, when the desert grows cold very quickly

COLLECTING FOOD AND WATER IN THE UNDERGROUND SIGNAL STATION : Supplies are lowered on a cord from the ground level



DRESSING A PRISONER'S WOUNDS AFTER CAPTURE : Before transportation to prison camps elsewhere, German captives are confined within temporary camps built of brick nearly breast-high and surmounted by barbed wire

GOING DOWN INTO THE CATACOMB : One of the entrances to the underground signal station pictured on the left. The engineers are here lowering cables for telephonic communication

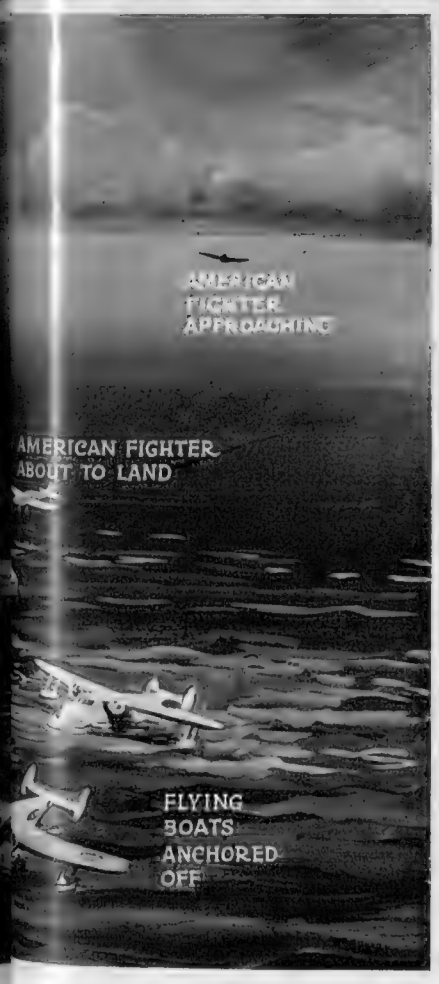
A NERVE CENTRE DURING BATTLES IN THE WESTERN DESERT : A British mobile wireless van in action near Tobruk. This type of car can remain in the desert as long as necessary. It opens up communication by Morse (at the rate of about thirty words a minute) or by telephony. It has a range of over 1,000 miles

GETTING THE AMERICAN PLANES ACROSS

A Problem which will Grow in Importance as the Stream Swells to a Torrent: Here are Two Suggestions of How the Smaller Fighters Might be Ferried Across the Atlantic

THE MEN WHO HAVE TO FERRY THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT WHEN THESE ARRIVE IN BRITAIN: The Minister of Aircraft Production, Colonel Moore-Brabazon, addressing Air Transport Auxiliary pilots and ground staff

As deliveries of aircraft from the United States are becoming greater with every month that passes, so the work of the ferry pilots of A.T.A. is increasing. When an American aeroplane reaches this country it has then to be flown to a concentration point and ultimately to a fighter or bomber station: for this, special "ferry pilots" are employed—both men and women. As most fit men capable of flying modern aircraft are already in the Service, a number of the A.T.A. pilots are men above the age-limits imposed by the R.A.F. In the course of a month, the ferry pilots may handle half-a-dozen different types, to and from the squadrons. Without such a service the R.A.F. would itself have to supply pilots, with a consequent serious drain on its skilled personnel. The picture we reproduce above was taken a few days ago, when Colonel Moore-Brabazon, the newly-appointed Minister of Aircraft Production, addressed the A.T.A. staff and pilots at one of their aerodromes "somewhere in England." As in the R.A.F., the pilots are denoted by wings worn on the breast, although these are of a different design from those worn by actual Service pilots



WHEN THE STREAM OF AMERICAN PLANES BECOMES A FLOOD, some method will have to be devised of getting the fighters over the Atlantic as quickly as the big bombers. Here is one suggested method—fighter planes carried on the back of bigger aircraft and released only when near the coast—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

When American aircraft production reaches its promised colossal proportions it will be impossible to ferry hundreds of aeroplanes a day by ship. Long-range bombers, such as the Boeing "Flying Fortress," the Consolidated "Catalina," the Martin 162, and others, can fly across with ease—and are doing so with no modifications in their design. Most of the medium bombers, such as the Douglas D.B.7, can also make the crossing after they have been equipped with extra fuel tankage. But the smaller aircraft, such as fighters, dive-bombers, and others (many of which have only single engines) present more of a problem—although it has been announced that certain plans are afoot whereby, during the summer months, at any rate, by following a secret route, these aircraft too may be flown over.

Since the historic flight across the Atlantic of Alcock and Brown in 1919, many single-engined aeroplanes have made the crossing; the hazards are engine failure and weather. Included in the latter are the strong winds, thick cloud, rain, fog, and ice. The best route is, of course, from Newfoundland to Ireland. There is a more northerly route, with sea crossings considerably less than those involved in the usual passage; but this is not suitable owing to weather complications and to the effect on the compass and radio by the nearness to the Magnetic Pole.

Speaking generally, aircraft making the crossing would be helped by the prevailing westerly winds. A range of somewhat over 2,000 miles should be ample for the crossing. But this can only be achieved by the bombers; most single-engined planes have a normal range of only 600 to 1,000 miles. Their range can only be increased by flying at smaller throttle openings (this would, of course, increase the time of the journey), or by adding extra external petrol tanks. The greatly added weight of the extra fuel would raise the load to be carried by anything up to 2,000 lb.

Owing, therefore, to the danger of take-off with an overloaded plane, it may be necessary to use some form of assistance to achieve this. The guns could be dismantled and sent over by bomber. Some prominent authorities have suggested sending over flights of fighters escorted by giant flying-boats to assist any machines that may encounter difficulties on the journey over

On left—
ONLY TWO OF THESE SEADROMES STATIONED AT INTERVALS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC would be required to assure the safe delivery of thousands of American fighters to Britain—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE MAN WHO IS TURNING OUT THE AMERICAN AIRCRAFT: Mr. William Knudsen—"Big Bill" (he is over 6 ft. in height)—was formerly President of General Motors. He was born in Denmark sixty-two years ago, but is now a naturalised American citizen. For more than a year he has been in Washington as Chief of Defence Production. He has publicly stated that in April this year aircraft manufacturers delivered 1,427 war-planes, an increase of 211 over the March figures, and 628 over those of last December. (These figures were in addition to 78 commercial planes)

THE DUCHESS OF KENT VISITS INDIA HOUSE IN LONDON: A few days ago the Duchess paid a visit to India House and was received by Mrs. Amery, Chairman of the Indian Comforts Fund, and by Mrs. Hall, wife of the Deputy High Commissioner for India. The guard of honour was formed by a leave party from the Indian contingent in England. The officer at the salute on the right is Risaldar Major Mohammed Ashraf Khan, I.O.M., I.D.S.M.

The INDIAN ARMY and its PART in the WAR

By Lieut.-General Sir GEORGE MacMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

THE recent eulogies that the Prime Minister has passed on the services and successes of the Indian Army during the present war are heartily echoed by all those with whom they are serving and all who realise what these Indian troops have been doing for us. They are but an extension of countless similar services outside India which have been afforded to the Empire by the Indian troops of the East India Company and of the Indian Army since it was taken over by the Crown. These services have extended for 140 years; the first notable occasion was when Sir David Baird took an Indian Brigade from Cosseir on the Red Sea across the Nile to the assistance of the British force which landed to drive out the French, under Abercromby. Since then Bourbon and the Mauritius, and the driving of the French from Java, before the return of that island to the Dutch. China and Egypt, both in 1882 and 1885, and again in 1897, have all seen considerable Indian contingents. Three times at least have large contingents gone to the wars in China. While in the last war, France, the Dardanelles, Egypt, Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia, as well as the conquest of German East Africa, have all seen the valour and sacrifices of the Indian troops.

Thus it was but to be expected that troops from India would be eager to take part in this second war of civilisation. In France on this occasion it was only necessary to send a small transport force for work in terrain which was unsuitable for motor transport. Some of this unit are prisoners of war, while others are safe in this country. But in Egypt, in Somaliland, in Abyssinia and the Sudan and Eritrea the Indian troops are taking a distinguished part, and are now in Mesopotamia, and without them the forces of the Empire could not have completed, and in the future cannot complete, their heavy tasks. From the Sudan into Eritrea, and especially in the storming of the impregnable Keren, their share has been more than conspicuous and their losses heavy, while the recovery of Somaliland has been a work of retribution in which they have eagerly shared. During the last few years great efforts have been made to equip the Army for modern mechanical warfare, in which task the Imperial Government has rightly given considerable financial assistance. It will be seen from the illustrations that the Indian soldier has taken kindly to the mechanised processes and the steel helmets, although to the Sikh regiments the acceptance of this headdress presented a considerable difficulty. The Sikh as part of his religious equipment must not wear any form of made-up headdress, an inhibition that he most zealously preserves. It was not until the British in the Punjab, by studying the organisation and pictures of the Europeanised Armies of the Maharajah Runjhitsingh, were able to show to the satisfaction of both the men themselves and their priesthood, that the famous Sikh *Gorcheras* of Runjhitsingh's army wore steel helmets with a spike on top and chain mail round the head and neck and thus persuaded them to adopt the innovation.

The climate of Mesopotamia is one with which they are all familiar, while that in Abyssinia, varying as it does from heat to wet and cold, is not worse than they have often met on their campaigns on the Indian frontier. But the strain of tank warfare in the Western Desert to the accompaniment of incessant bombing is one which has called for a resistance and endurance of which hitherto they have had no experience.

Since the World War the Indian Armies have naturally reverted to a peace footing, and the financial strain of the last few years has been reduced below the margin of safety for India itself, and therefore in India, as in this country, the expansion not only to a war footing but to a large increase on previous estimates has put a strain on man power that has taken time to develop. Despite the querulous and, indeed, actually disloyal, actions of the Congress Party, the mass of India, as in the last war, has eagerly responded. The Punjab, furnishing for nearly a century the larger portion of the fighting forces of India, has been to the forefront in recruiting, stimulated by the Punjab's Muslim Premier, Sikunder Hyalkhan, himself the son of an eminent judge, and who as a young man had not only served as a personal orderly to John Nicholson, but was with him when that hero was mortally wounded at Delhi.

Of what then does the Indian Army of to-day consist? In understanding this question it should be explained that during the World War, out of 350 million Indians, it was estimated that not more than 35 million, including women and children, belonged to those classes described as martial, namely with thews, traits and

GARWALIS HOLDING A MOUNTAIN RIDGE DURING THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN ERITREA

AN INDIAN CAVALRYMAN—fast, efficient, well-seated—takes a jump on a remount horse

MULES OF AN INDIAN TEAM being watered after heavy work

IN EAST AFRICA: Soldiers cleaning their firearms, whilst an officer makes an inventory

proclivities that make a soldier; this perhaps does not yield more than 3,000,000 men of the age to soldier. Many of the muscular peasantry, who in the days of Lord Lake and Sir Arthur Wellesley formed the bulk of the Company's Armies, have long lost their warlike propensities, or perhaps it is that the strain of modern war and the standard of modern enemies are far greater than they would ever have faced. The result of this has been that the bulk of the Indian Army comes from the Punjab; the Sikhs are but a community of 3,000,000 souls and the bulk of fighting men, as in the days of the old Sikh Army, come from the numerous Muslim peasantry. Staunch, sturdy, eager, they are, when led by British officers, among some of the staunchest troops in the world; with them are the Sikhs, the Pathans from the frontier and districts near the frontier, the noble Rajput Dogras from the Northern hills. These are the men who are to be found on every front. But happily, farther down the Indian peninsula, are still great soldiering races. The Jats of the country round Delhi and analogous peasantry, Rajputs of Rajputana, the Mahrattas, Hindus all, share the fame of the Punjab, and in the last war some of their battalions were made Royal for the first time in Indian history, as a suitable recognition of services. The old coast army of 150 years ago is now only represented by the Queen's Own Sappers and Miners, chiefly drawn from the Christian and outcast races, but whose fame as Sappers increases with every campaign in which they have taken part. To the great army raised from these sources comes that magnificent contingent of forces, the twenty Gurkha battalions that the ruler of Nepal allows us to recruit from his subjects, a story that has existed ever since the days when the Gurkhas were driven from their conquest in Eastern India by the Marquis Hastings in the year of Waterloo, and prisoners of war were straightway enlisted into the ranks of the Company. But while during the last war tens of thousands of unwarlike but enduring Indians enlisted into the Labour and Porter Corps on a military basis, mechanisation has now introduced the mechanical and otherwise non-military castes into the rank and file of the Army, and enable the basis of recruitment to be greatly widened, since every fighting man now requires so many mechanics to keep him in the field. For nearly two centuries the British officer has led the Indian soldier, supported by the staunch yeoman Indian officer, but for some years endeavours have been made to train the young Indian to take his place among the British leaders, rather than as sous-officiers. Many of these have been in the regiments for several years, and have attained distinction in the field, and have now a very real opportunity to show how they can arise to the responsibilities of officerdom. The more successful they are the more will the British comrades rejoice and perhaps pat themselves on the back for the coping stone that they have been able to add to their long years of training and evolution.

For the last fifty years the Armies of the Princes of India, trained and developed after the model of the Indian Army, have been eagerly offered to the British by their rulers, and have taken part in every campaign that the Indian Army has been engaged in. The Princes themselves, whose devotion to the Crown is one of the most romantic of evidences of what Britain really stands for in India, have often led their own troops in the field, or sent their sons and relatives, and are once more to the front in every possible service that they can contribute.

But since brave men are of no avail to-day without machines, so the whole of India is launching itself on industrial effort so as to make their Army free from assistance from outside India, and this development may well equal the service of the troops in the field. It should always be remembered that the services of Indian troops outside India are countered by the fact that all resources of the Empire are equally at the disposal of India in her time of need; so, while in grateful cognisance we acknowledge the services of Indian industry and Indian soldiers, let us realise how well and truly the great John Company laid the foundations for us of Indian military prowess to-day.

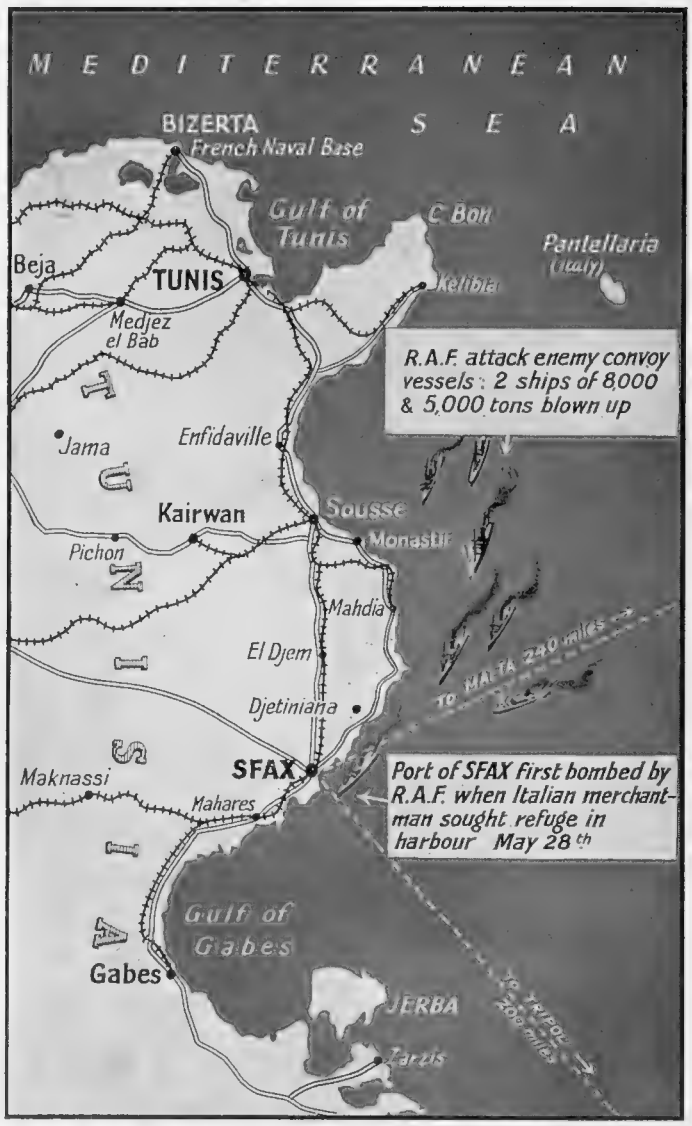
SOME OF THE INDIAN TROOPS WHO FOUGHT SO WELL AT KEREN, and on other fronts in Eritrea, are now doing a very good job against the Germans and Italians in the Western Desert

WO INDIAN SOLDIERS AT THEIR MACHINE-GUN IN THE WESTERN DESERT NEAR TOBRUK

REN-GUN CARRIERS operated by a famous Sikh battalion moving up in East Africa

INDIAN SOLDIERS ON ANTI-AIRCRAFT DUTY with a Bren gun in Africa

INDIAN MILITARY POLICE IN EGYPT: The Indian Army, like the British Army, have their own Military Police, who are responsible for keeping order in the areas in which Indian soldiers are stationed. They are equipped with a number of motor-cycles and lorries



THE TUNISIAN COAST FROM BIZERTA TO SFAX AND GABES: This is the region which has been receiving the attention of the R.A.F. recently. From Sicily, by way of Pantellaria, Italian supply vessels have been reaching the Tunisian coast and then hugging the shore in the hope of successfully reaching Libya. As a consequence of R.A.F. attacks, however, some of these enemy vessels were forced to shelter in Sfax harbour, one of the French Tunisian ports: bombing inevitably followed, provoking still another anti-British outburst from Admiral Darlan, who obviously finds it easier to protest to the British than to request his German and Italian masters to alter their tactics!

DAKAR AND SFAX, the Two French Possessions in Africa Which are Strongly in the War News

SFAX is the Tunisian port owned by France through which, it is believed, Axis troops and supplies have been sent to Libya. It is here that the R.A.F. have been in action (according to Vichy reports) against Italian merchantmen.

Until 1897 little besides an anchorage existed opposite the town of Sfax, which stands on the Gulf of Gabes, 150 miles south-east of Tunis. For some distance from the shore there was scarcely more than from one to three feet of water, and vessels of any considerable size were obliged to anchor a couple of miles out. The basin that now serves the town is 30 acres in extent. It has been dredged to a depth of 21 ft., and quays alongside which vessels can lie have been constructed on the north-eastern and north-western sides. The anchorage outside the basin is sheltered by the Kerkenah Isles, and thus Sfax is a convenient place of shelter in bad weather as well as a handy refuge for hard-pressed Italian ships wishing to evade the British Navy. Although the Mediterranean is to a great extent a tideless sea, the Gulf of Gabes, at one corner of which Sfax is situated, has a rise and fall of over 3 ft. and at the equinoxes nearly 9 ft.

The exports of olive oil, esparto, dates, figs and phosphates have grown so rapidly in recent years that the construction of the port has been fully justified. To-day the population numbers nearly 50,000. Before the French began planting olive orchards the Arabs had only some 20,000 trees; now there are more than five millions spread out in different areas in a radius of fifty miles from the town.

Sfax was founded by the Phœnicians and was later the Roman Taparura, a place possessing fine monumental buildings, markets, fertile gardens and wealthy inhabitants. It fell into the hands of the Arabs in the eighth century, and the French took it after a bombardment in 1881. The walls, studded with towers and bastions, still entirely surround the rectangular Arab town. So narrow are the streets, and so busy and thronged are they with a teeming population, that rapid movement is difficult, if not impossible.

With the construction of the port came the reclamation of a piece of land slightly larger than the old town, and on this has been built in twenty uniformly laid-out blocks the modern French colony where the European population lives, transacts its business and amuses itself. From the interior pours a daily stream of products for export in the form of barrels of oils, huge bales of esparto, boxes of vegetables and fruit, while in the packed area of the old town life seems to go on almost unaffected by the new form of enterprise that is changing the sandy wastes inland into green orchards and flourishing gardens.

Farther up the Tunisian coast, a little midway between Sfax and Tunis, is the rapidly-growing port of Susa, which of recent years has been greatly developed by the French. Its port is on the Gulf of Hammamet, and by land across country it is only 75 miles from Tunis itself: the

THE FRENCH PORT OF SUSA, IN TUNISIA: This thriving town is one of the places along the coast in the vicinity of which enemy supply ships have been passing on their way to Libya. Near here the R.A.F. recently attacked an enemy convoy blowing up two ships of 8,000 and 5,000 tons

WHERE THE R.A.F. HAVE ATTACKED ITALIAN SUPPLY SHIPS SHELTERING IN A FRENCH PORT IN TUNISIA: The red-walled town of Sfax—a view looking northwards along the Tunisian coast towards the important French bases of Tunis and Bizerta—*Drawing by Gordon Home*

As a tiny speck in the Mediterranean appears the Italian island of Pantellaria, midway between Sicily (seen on the horizon on the extreme right) and the Tunisian coast. Taking advantage of the short distances, Italian supply vessels have been attempting the passage, in order to carry stores and reinforcements to Libya. The R.A.F. have been taking a hand, however, and recently some of the Italian vessels employed on this traffic were forced into the French port of Sfax, which was bombed by British aircraft in consequence

Drawing by Gordon Home

KEY POINTS IN SOUTH ATLANTIC STRATEGY: The harbour and aerodrome at Dakar, and the peninsula of Cape Verde on which they stand in French West Africa

It is probable that we have not yet heard the last of Dakar, France's great commercial port fronting on the Atlantic on the West African coast and looking towards the southern half of the American continent. Dakar stands on the peninsula of Cape Verde, the most westerly promontory of Africa. It has already achieved fame as the scene of a British attack last year, when it was accommodating powerful units of the French Fleet; and it still continues to excite the interest of the Americans, as the probable base for German designs on the South American continent. To Pernambuco across the Atlantic is only a distance of 1,800 miles—less than the distance to Tangier! The layout of the town, port and aerodrome has rarely been given in graphic form: the aerodrome is big and capable of taking the largest types of aircraft; the harbour, also, is big, with an arsenal and dry-dock. Lying off the mainland is the island of Goree, which at one time—in 1691—was occupied by the British, and held by us till 1697; it has a fortified harbour and would figure largely in the news if the war were to stretch out once again to Dakar

railway line continues on to Sfax and ultimately to Gabes. From Susa the chief exports are barley, wheat, phosphates, esparto grass and oil. The harbour was only built in 1901; and the population now numbers some 30,000.

DAKAR AND ITS HARBOUR

THE port of Dakar, in the French colony of Senegal, is on the southern extremity of the peninsula of Cape Verde, the most westerly point of the great bulge of the northern half of the African continent. Since 1902, when it was made the capital of French West Africa, this seaport has steadily grown in importance, and the fact that it is only some 1,800 miles from the nearest point of South America has focused the attention of the United States upon it. In his famous "fire-side talk" made a few days ago, Mr. Roosevelt referred to the menacing proximity — only nine hours' flight from Brazil—of this Vichy-controlled danger-point. The French Governor appears to be unwavering in his support of Nazi-controlled Vichy, German tourists and technicians being now in virtual control not only of Dakar but with it of St. Louis, the other Senegalese port.

Although French trade relations with Cape Verde and the adjacent island of Goree began as early as the latter part of the fourteenth century, the French merchants were replaced by the Portuguese in the middle of the next, and Goree soon became a famous name among the adventurous traders of Western Europe and a place the possession of which was keenly contested. In the year of the Spanish Armada, Goree was taken by the Dutch, who held it until 1677, when a fleet under Vice-Admiral d'Estrees brought it under the French flag once more. Fourteen years later it was taken by the British, but the little town having been completely destroyed, Goree was abandoned until reoccupation by the French in 1697 by Brue, the Director of the Senegal Company. In 1755 the islet was British once more and was returned to the French at the Peace of Paris. Still, the British had not yet lost interest in this handy little trading settlement, for it was seized again in 1804, but the year following Napoleon's defeat saw its final handing over to France.

The peninsula opposite Goree was, during all this period, occupied by little more than a native village and one or two French missionary establishments, and it was not until 1861 that the French ministry voted a large credit in order that a new town and port should be developed on the mainland. From this period progress has been steady and, notwithstanding the climate, the European population had passed 3,000 at the 1926 census, the natives numbering nearly 40,000.

A VIEW OF DAKAR HARBOUR, on the West African coast, where vessels of considerable size can be accommodated at the piers and wharves

Like the majority of towns of mushroom growth in Equatorial Africa, Dakar is a town of glaring architectural contrasts, imposing Government offices and business premises being placed among shanties and native huts that cower beneath the gleaming bulk of their neighbours. A recent description of the place by Mr. Rex Hardinge may be hard on Dakar, but it presents a picture that is superficially a faithful one. He writes of the heat as stupendous, "the red dust infernal and the fear of yellow fever still ever present." He describes the people as "the sort of mixture that one would expect to find in such a place. Smart French men and women, the latter always dressed as though at some fashionable resort in the South of France; dowdy ditto, who have lived too long in a ruinous climate and are showing the ravages thereof; half-castes of all sort; and natives of surprising variety—Arab, Negro and many whose blood can best be described as a cocktail." The port has a dry dock, a special dock for torpedo boats, and seven moles giving considerable accommodation in deep water and having railway sidings that feed the line to St. Louis, on the northern coast of the province.

Progress is being pushed forward with a scheme for connecting this most westerly point of Africa by rail with French North Africa, a project that appeals to the Nazi minds now mesmerising and propelling the Vichy Government. It is not surprising, therefore, that Dakar is coming more and more into the limelight.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS

Come to Town at the Savoy Theatre

HELEN ROBERTS takes many of the leading heroine roles in the operas. She is here seen as Mabel in *The Pirates*

MARGERY ABBOTT is another of the leading Savoyard sopranos. She is here seen as the stately Casilda in *The Gondoliers*

LESLIE RANDS, a popular Savoyard who is well known in many famous parts. He plays Sir Richard Cholmondeley in *The Yeomen of the Guard*

MARJORIE EYRE lends charm to many of the famous roles in the Savoy operas, notably to *Iolanthe*, in which she is seen above

GRAHAME CLIFFORD as he appears as Jack Point in the new setting of *The Yeomen of the Guard*. This opera has entirely new scenery and dresses

SYDNEY GRANVILLE is a welcome figure in the company at the Savoy. His Wilfred Shadbolt in *The Yeomen of the Guard* is as brilliant as ever

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's season has drawn crowded audiences to the Savoy Theatre—the appropriate home of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. A number of the famous operas are being given, including *The Gondoliers*, *Iolanthe* and *The Yeomen of the Guard*. The last named appears in its new setting of scenery and dresses. The season is planned to continue until Saturday, July 5

THE PICTURESQUE SETTING OF ACT II OF "THE GONDOLIERS": This opera is proving as popular as ever with Gilbert and Sullivan audiences. The cachuca dance goes with a swing—one of the liveliest moments of this tuneful opera. (Ben Williams as Marco on left)

ELLA HALMAN, AS DAME CARRUTHERS, INTERROGATES KATE (MARJORIE FLINN) in *The Yeomen of the Guard*. The new setting is schemed in grey, a foil to the brilliant scarlet of the Yeomen warders

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

UNDERSTANDING AMERICAN AID

Its Real Meaning—Sir Walter Citrine's Odyssey; H. V. Morton on Fighting Ground; A Publisher's Reminiscences

ONE of the most vital aspects of this phase of the war is, I am afraid, one upon which public opinion in this country is, to put it mildly, insufficiently informed. Since the passing of the Lease-and-Lend Bill, and the recent declaration by President Roosevelt of a state of National Emergency, people seem to take it for granted that the enormous industrial potential of the United States has been thrown into the balance on our side, and that in a short time we shall be able to overwhelm the Axis Powers on a basis of war production.

There is a tendency in some quarters to accept this as an incontrovertible fact and to look for results to-morrow. Those who do so neglect some obvious facts. Whether she declares war or not, America has one primary concern, which is the building up of her own weapons of offence and defence on a colossal scale, and it must be remembered that any help she is prepared to extend to this country, even in the present crisis, must be related to that primary need.

Then again, it should be realised that industry cannot overnight be switched over to a war basis on a colossal scale. Like ourselves, the United States have been slow off the mark, and while they, geographically, are so far removed from the actual fighting zone and while they still nurture a strong and powerful Isolationist Party, the present need for speed in change-over cannot and will not be fully appreciated.

A book like **MY AMERICAN DIARY,** by Sir Walter Citrine (Routledge. 5s.), should be a valuable contribution to a better understanding of the exact situation *vis à vis* America, in which this country, at this time and date, finds itself.

Sir Walter Citrine went to the U.S.A. early in November of last year at the request of the American Federation of Labor. He was away for very nearly twelve months and in that time covered thousands of miles in the United States and Canada, addressed hundreds of meetings, inspected most of the great war industries, met most of the big employers, as well as the workers, and was given every possible facility for the gathering of information. Owing to the fact that Sir Walter had the useful habit of keeping a day-to-day diary of events and impressions in shorthand, he was able to produce this notable and valuable book.

Few people outside Trade Union and political circles realise that in America, industrial relations are at a point from which we, in this country, progressed long years ago. It would astonish some people to realise that the elementary right of collective bargaining is still denied to large sections of American labour. That, and the general lack of industrial machinery through which chronic and acute disputes could be cleared, is the cause of large-scale strikes and lock-outs. They are often fought out in a spirit of violence, in which the Federal Government has sometimes to take an equally violent hand, and they are to-day only too much a feature of American industrial life.

As General Secretary of the Trade Union Congress, Sir Walter Citrine is in a position to survey the potentialities of American support, and, in a record such as this, to place them in their true perspective. He has also some valuable and interesting comments to make on the general attitude of all classes of Americans to the war, and to their attitude to Britain's part in it in particular. His comments are always shrewd, and not always complimentary to his hosts, but at the same time he does give a very fair picture of a nation ready and willing to help. The book is spiced by a number of good stories and lively anecdotes, and with some asides which reveal a man who is both widely read and has many cultural leanings, although I, for one, wish he would not use that abominable word "Britisher."

My American Diary is not only good reading in these days, but essential reading. It is a book which everyone should read who would understand the fullest implications of American participation in this war both now and in the future.

The campaign in the Middle East which, since the fall of Crete, and when these lines are being written, has shifted to Syria, makes topical and timely the publication of **MIDDLE EAST,** by H. V. Morton (Methuen. 8s. 6d.).

As most people know, Mr. Morton, in his well-known role of travelling reporter, has covered most of the ground which is now being fought over both in Syria and in the Western Desert. Those travels produced a trilogy of books which were, deservedly, extremely popular. In his introduction to this volume Mr. Morton refers to a steady demand on the part of correspondents for editions of those books on thin paper to be published in a portable form. In wartime, as he points out, such a venture would not be possible.

So he has got over the difficulty by taking out of the three books those portions which deal in the most general way with travel in Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, Turkey and Greece and making one book of them. He has also revised and rewritten several portions of them. Old soldiers who have campaigned in these parts before will find much to stimulate their memories. Young soldiers who are becoming acquainted with these countries for the first time will also find it stimulating, and those of us who stay at home will find the book an instructive background to the developments of operations in what Mr. Morton calls the Land of the Bible.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has been a publisher, and like most people who follow that curious unstable and much misunderstood profession has met many famous people. The lions among them, of course, have been mainly of a literary character, but in these days, when nearly every public man and woman turns author at some time in his or her career, there have been contacts with the great of the land as well.

I LIKED THE LIFE I LIVED (John Murray. 9s.) is a frank summing up of the years that Mr. Nash surveys in this volume of reminiscences. He was the original founder of *Nash's Magazine*, to which every writer of consequence in his generation has at some time or other contributed. He founded a publishing house, and in doing so scored some immediate and spectacular triumphs, which ranged in the literary field from the books of Joseph Conrad to those of Mrs. E. M. Hull.

If some of his stories are apocryphal, they bear retelling in his own lighthearted manner, while those which are new, and there are plenty of them, will bring pleasure and delight to those who, for instance, like to hear that the late Lord Birkenhead might have inherited enough of the late Sir Robert Houston's fortune to have relieved him of the financial embarrassments from which he suffered until his death, if he had not at one time carelessly referred in disrespectful terms to his would-be benefactor's beard. There are all sorts of good things in this book, as, for instance, the occasion of the publication of Hilaire Belloc's *Cautionary Tales for Children*, with illustrations by Lord Basil Blackwood, which came out late in November, and which the booksellers refused to stock because they did not approve of its shape. It is interesting to note that, "the public took a different view, and I was able truthfully to publish advertisements of the work with the heading, 'SELLING LIKE WILDFIRE,' which someone writing in the *World* considered rather cheap." Cheap or not, Mr. Nash followed an excellent precedent set by Oliver Goldsmith.

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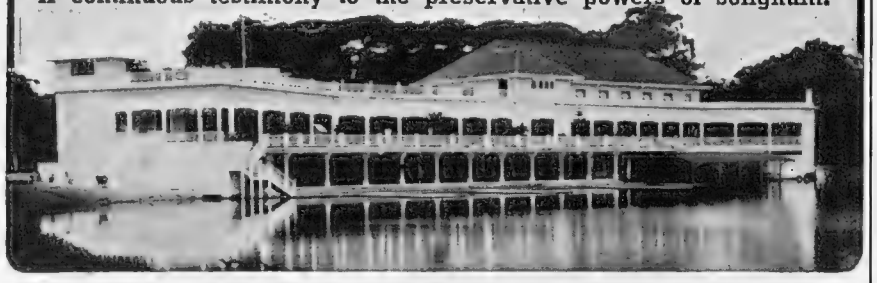

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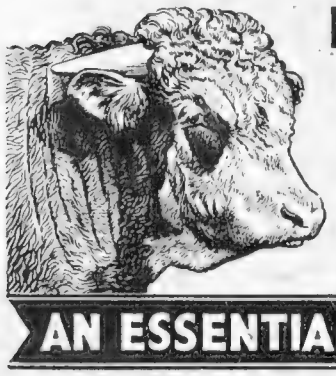

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BRITAIN'S EXPORT TRADE—II

Some Notes on Britain's Pre-War Overseas Markets and the Need for Maintaining as many of these as Possible at the Present Time

By Edwin H. Judd

FOR a long time now we have heard, as well as experienced, much of totalitarian war. For years before 1939 Hitler and, to a lesser extent, his junior partner in the super-gangster organisation concentrated the bulk of their industrial energies on the one supreme goal—preparation for the coming war, which Hitler boasted would enable the Nazi hierarchy to dominate the European continent, if not the rest of the world, and make the German nation predominant for a thousand years to come.

Ordinary peaceful trade and commerce had to go on, of course, but only in so far as it did not interfere with his war economy. The question of paying for the fabulous cost of war requirements on the modern scale, which were not themselves productive but essentially destructive of any form of peace industries, did not seem to worry the ambitious schemer's war-obsessed brain for the time being.

His export overseas trade was pretty well choked by the stranglehold of our naval blockade, his foreign exchanges were dwindling, so he pillaged and plundered the stocks and the money-chests of each country that he successively overran, in order to fill his coffers. He side-tracked the troublesome habit of money payments by bartering things he could well do without for others which he was really anxious to get.

But barter with the scales heavily loaded in favour of the predominant dealer, or wholesale ravaging of the little countries already trampled in the mud, and with whom you must later wish to interchange trade, are neither an honest nor a paying game in the long run. Hence, although we are as deeply involved in this senseless production of weapons of destruction and disaster, now forced upon us by the enemy, as he is, we have to find honourable means of paying for it, and, where possible, in such a way that it will not only help to win the war by contributing to its gigantic cost, but also to secure and establish our future trade relations with other peace-loving communities

The war has now been raging with varying force and fortune for some twenty months, and what has been the effect on the world's ebb and flow—but mostly ebb—of trade and industry? Not only are the enemy countries limited in their range of commodities and confined almost entirely to land traffic over the European field, but those unfortunate victims now in their merciless grip are equally, if not more so, for they will only get the leavings after the plague of Nazi locusts have swept over the land and taken the bulk of everything that is worth having.

We are the only belligerent Power left which can still carry on any appreciable proportion of its pre-war trade overseas, and we need every scrap of it. The manner in which that trade has been sustained in spite of extensive shipping losses, of longer voyages at reduced speeds, in spite of much tonnage transferred for direct military usage, as well as the loss of much otherwise available Allied and neutral tonnage, has been simply marvellous.

But before examining the extent to which our export trade is being maintained under war conditions, we can only get a balanced conception of it by reviewing what it was before the storm broke loose on the world.

To take the last complete pre-war year—i.e., the year 1938—will give a fair average idea of what that represented. We were then trading with every country in the two hemispheres, whether by sea or by land. On a single day—in 1937—when the British Admiralty carried out a simultaneous and world-wide census of British merchant shipping distributed over the seven seas, there were no fewer than 2,476 *British* ships of over 3,000 tons size engaged on their lawful occasions. The map which the Admiralty produced showing these reminded one of a great swarm of ants engaged on their marvellously organised industry, and it must have made Hitler's mouth water if he ever saw it. (And that was only British tonnage.) Over and above that were the millions of tons of goods which were transported by rail and by road. Where were they going, and what were those precious cargoes which our ships floated along, with no dive-bombers to worry them overhead, or mines and U-boats lurking in the unseen depths of the ocean?

Our total exports of goods produced and manufactured in the United Kingdom alone for the year 1938 amounted to £471,000,000. On top of that was another £61,000,000 worth of goods which were made up of imported articles in various stages of completion which were finished in one way or another, and re-exported, making a grand total of over £532,000,000.

How was that enormous sum made up?

Not being a large food-producing country here, and having to pay for our imports of foodstuffs and raw materials, we excelled in producing other essential commodities, the most important of which are given below in roughly their order of magnitude, though the order of their sequence varied somewhat from one year to another. The figures in round numbers are: machinery of all kinds, to enable men to produce their goods economically and quickly, £58,000,000; cotton yarns and piece goods, to clothe the people with, nearly £50,000,000 (in 1937 it amounted to over £68,000,000). Iron and steel in more or less finished state to build ships, railways, bridges and factories ran into about £42,000,000; and transport vehicles, which officially include locomotives, ships and aeroplanes, accounted for some £45,000,000.

Coal, of which we have such large natural supplies endowed by nature, took up £37,000,000. The trade in woollen materials and manufactures, apart from clothing, amounted to nearly £27,000,000, though in the two previous years it was a good deal more than this; chemicals and their allied products went into £22,000,000. And so on; electrical machinery and cocoa products, sundry textile manufactures and non-ferrous metals, pottery and glassware, cutlery and hardware—they all contributed in a lesser degree to the mountains of packages and bales streaming out of this little island.

Of cotton yarns and piece goods, some 50 per cent. went to our Empire, chiefly India, followed by Australia and South Africa. Of machinery sent out to equip our Empire workshops, this amounted to 60 per cent. of the total exported, while 25 per cent. went to countries now occupied by the enemy, and a lot to South America.

The demand for iron and steel, and such-like, from our Empire absorbed over 60 per cent., other large buyers being Denmark, Holland, South America and the Middle East. Demands for transport vehicles means that trade is moving, whether it be railway locomotives and trucks, commercial lorries or private motor-cars. Here, again, more than half of our exports of these went to the Dominions and Colonies, but some 20 per cent. was sold to European users. For railway materials the Argentine was a good customer.

In woollen goods our Empire took about 40 per cent., and about the same amount went to Europe, the leading buyers there being Germany, Denmark and Holland, while the Argentine and the U.S.A. were well up in the list.

Before the last war, Germany had almost a monopoly of chemical products, but we learnt a lesson then—among many others—and have since then developed this industry to a leading, and more independent, position, so that of our total exports of this class of goods some 15 per cent. actually went to Germany's neighbours.

Such, then, is a brief outline of the extent and nature of Britain's great export trade before this war started. It is imperative for us not only to maintain as many of the old-established connections as possible, but to explore the opportunities for making up the trade lost in some directions and develop new lines of attack in markets formerly held by the enemy, so that when this world devastation of his own making has ceased, he will in some measure pay the penalty of his supreme madness.

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

ON two occasions recently, hotels of my choice could only, owing to long-stay visitors, get me a room out; and whilst one was rather inclined in peace days to demur at the offer of such accommodation, one must be thankful these days to be able to get a bed at all.

But as a result of my experiences, I am adjusting my standards of value. At the first hotel, I was told that, whilst they could get me a bed at a cottage round the corner, they could arrange bed, bath and breakfast at another hotel near by. I chose the latter, for, as I reasoned to myself, bed, bath and breakfast are a trinity best not divided; and on turning up the local guide, I read that the hotel in question advertised itself as having "the most luxurious bedrooms in ———. Hot and cold in every room; central heating, etc."; all of which sounded good enough. Alas for the bitter misuse of superlatives in hotel advertisements! I found that the beds at this hotel, a brewers' house, were as solid as the beer was liquid. The bedrooms were arranged along a new wing, so thinly constructed that the walls not only had ears, but acted as loud-speakers. One heard noises off, to the right, the left, and from the room above. From the beds to the furniture and furnishings there was not the slightest vestige of luxury. To get the maximum use of limited cubic capacity, a white-wood chest of drawers, which also acted as a dressing-table, had been built into one corner, whilst another corner was fitted with a triangular wardrobe, complete with hanging fitment, but with no hangers. Drawers showed resentment when opened, and resisted strenuously all attempts to shut them. The breakfasts each morning were a sorry business: the toast was sad, the bacon, when available, burnt up. The one redeeming feature was that there was plenty of hot water for baths, but that did not make up for the charge of 12s. 6d. a night.

The worst feature, from the public standpoint, is that most of the best accommodation in the town had been commandeered, so this hotel is filled nightly to capacity. Doubtless the owners are well satisfied with the profits, and are unconscious of the fact that they are daily brewing bitter memories; for the hotel visitor, like the elephant, does not readily forget.

At the next hotel, in apologising for the fact that they could not put me up, they said that they could only offer me a bedroom at a cottage in the village which they often took for chauffeurs. Good enough, I thought to myself; chauffeurs in their travels are usually pretty good judges (in fact, I know of first-class hotels in motoring days who lost much good business by their negligence in looking after visitors' servants). So down to the cottage I went.

An iron bedstead, which would have required a mounting block for anyone *petite*, a feather mattress (I had forgotten their existence), a host of treasured ornaments on the dressing-table and mantelpiece, a floral wall-paper, a number of painted texts, and, as I climbed into bed, portraits of their Majesties the King and Queen looked down on me with regal approval. And soon after snuffing the candle in the brass candlestick, which was engraved with "Pleasant dreams," I fell asleep in an environment of delicious simplicity.

Each morning, as I descended the tiny stairs of this humble home, the kindly folk who lived there were awaiting my arrival. They shook hands with me, hoped I had had a good night, and sent me off with a genuine wish of "a happy day to you." Thus they have unconsciously engrained their kindness on my memory, so that I feel I must now say "thank you" once more to them.

The cost? "Half-a-crown a night—if I did not think it too much"; for, as they explained, "they charged 10s. 6d. for the whole week."

The lesson to be drawn from my experiences is this. If the hotel of your choice is full when you get your war-break—and there is no need for me to emphasise again how difficult it is to find any vacancies these days—accept with gladness their offer to get you a room out. There is no need to enquire as to whether such a room is clean and comfortable. The hotel will see to that, and so long as you can appreciate simplicity, your holiday will be the more enjoyable for contacting local folk in their homes—be they ever so humble.

Your meals, your bath, your daily rest and recreation can, of course, be obtained at your base, the hotel you will be living at except to sleep, and the minor inconvenience of sleeping out is more than compensated by this meeting of local colour, and by the cheaper terms.

In the course of my perambulations I have slept in many strange places, and though I am unlikely, so long as the war lasts, to be the only visitor in an hotel, I had several out-of-season experiences of this sort in peace days, and though it is strictly outside the scope of this article, I cannot resist recounting one such experience.

I had occasion to visit an East Coast resort one January. There was no one staying at the hotel beyond the proprietor and his family. As I was dressing to go out to the annual dinner of the local Hotels Association, there was a knock on my door, and a matronly chambermaid entered hugging six hot-water bottles. "Excuse me," she said, "I just wanted to put these in your bed." And she added, confidentially: "You see, the bed has not been slept in since last September, so I thought it would be as well to be on the safe side."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W. E. C. (St. James's, S.W.1).—I think you will find it easier to get accommodation in Torquay than it was, as a number of people who have wintered there have gone away for a change of air, though they have taken the wise precaution of provisionally reserving their rooms for the time they expect to return. You make no mention of price, or the class of hotel you are looking for, but reading between the lines of your letter, I do not think you need look beyond the Grand Hotel or Lincombe Hall.

J. E. C. (East Horsley).—Book well ahead and you will find what you want in The Lakes. For a range of good hotels you can make note of the following: the Borrowdale Hotel, near Keswick; the Langdale Chase Hotel, on Lake Windermere; the Mortal Man at Troutbeck; and the Sun at Coniston.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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Suddenly my firm was completely reorganized and I was invited to take charge of a section of the head office in the North.

The unlocking of that one door seemed automatically to open other doors and six months later I was given the post of General Manager.

It was soon after this that I began to feel off-colour. I was always tired. Sometimes I would retire before 9 o'clock so that I had ten or eleven hours in bed — and then rise without any sense of being rested.

THAT might have gone on until I broke down if I had not gone to inspect some air-raid damage to our old house. I seized the chance to drop in for a chat with our family doctor in whom I had always had great confidence. He spotted my trouble at once — it was my sleep. I was not getting 1st Group Sleep, which, he said, a man in my position was bound to have to keep going. He explained that there are 3 Sleep Groups and I was getting 2nd Group Sleep — shallow sleep that completely fails to restore one. He advised me to take Horlicks. It would quickly help me to get back into the 1st Group, he said.

I lost no time in putting his recommendation into practice. Every night, whatever time I retire, I have a cup of hot Horlicks brought to my bedroom. It has made all the difference in the world to me. Thanks to Horlicks, I now get the recuperative benefits of a good night's sleep every night and no longer suffer from Night Starvation. My nerves are as steady as a rock. I have all my old tranquil confidence back. It is a wonderful feeling.

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